

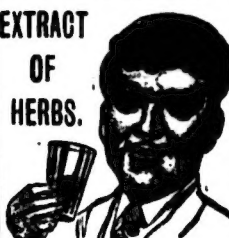
BANK HOLIDAY NUMBER.

**HOME
POTTED
MEATS.**
Excellent
Quality.
Delicious
Flavour.
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Highly
Nutritious
To be had
in most
shops, or send
for 1/3 for
the Jar and
of Local
in your
district, to
**PLUMTREE,
RAILWAY STREET,
SOUTHPORT.**

PEARSON'S

**TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.**

WEEKLY.

**GOOD!
IT'S MASON'S
EXTRACT
OF
HERBS.**

**6d. Bottle makes
8 Gallons non-
intoxicating Beer.**
**IMITATED BUT NOT
EQUALLED.**

No. 516.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 9, 1900.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A SERGEANT IN THE FIELD POST OFFICE

**DR
TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa**

THE LIGHT INFANTRY BRIGADE UNANIMOUSLY IN FAVOUR OF VI-COCOA.

Sergeant F. W. SPENCE, Sunday's River Camp, near
Elandsbaagte, 22 miles north of Ladysmith, No. 10 Field
Post Office, 4th Brigade, 2nd Division, Natal F.F.

"I have been asked by my comrades in the Field Post
Office to write you on the subject of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa,
which we frequently use. I have said frequently, because we
cannot always obtain it, but when we do we lay in a stock, as
we find it more satisfying, more palatable, and thirst-
quenching in this country, where to drink the khaki-coloured
water is almost certain dysentery. I have asked many of the
men of the Light Infantry Brigade how they like Vi-Cocoa,
and almost unanimously they declare for it in preference to
other sorts. But speaking from my own experience whilst on
long marches, sleeping at night under waggons, or in the
open air, or in a standing camp, we generally make the
Vi-Cocoa night and morning, and I firmly believe that it has
helped me greatly to bear the fatigues of campaigning, and
preserved my health unbroken during the five months or
we have been working in the field, and now that winter
ning on we shall use it more than ever.
If you should consider the foregoing of any use, you are
very to make what you please of it."



"UNDOUBTED PURITY AND STRENGTH."—Medical Magazine.
"IN THE FRONT RANK OF REALLY VALUABLE FOODS."—Lancet.

**DR
TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa**

FAVOURER BY THE HOMES & HOSPITALS OF GREAT BRITAIN.
DAINTY SAMPLES FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.
Address: Dr. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA Limited, 60 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

DAINTY SAMPLE FREE.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle him or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £2,000 Railway Insurance, and the £100 Cycling Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m., Thursday, May 31st, 1900, until midnight, Saturday, June 9th, 1900. For full particulars see page 804.

No. 516.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 9, 1900.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

PAPA: "And do you think for one moment that that clerk of mine was in a position to propose to you?"
Daughter: "Why, certainly, papa; he was on his knees."

TEACHER: "You have named all domestic animals save one. It has bristly hair, it is grimy, likes dirt, and is fond of mud. Well, Tom?"
Tom (shamefacedly): "That's me."

FIRST GUEST: "Won't you join me in requesting Miss Squaller to recite?"
Second Guest: "But I don't like recitations."
First Guest: "Neither do I. But if she doesn't recite she'll sing."

DOMESTIC: "Please, ma'am, I'll leave at the end of the month."
Mistress: "What is your reason, Mary?"
Domestic: "Well, ma'am, the fact is I don't hold with the master's ideas on the war."

Pathetic.

FATHER was busily writing at his desk, when little Phil toddled in holding up a pinched finger for inspection.

"Look, dad!" he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes.

But daddy was busy, and only glanced up and said: "Run away, laddie. Father can't make it any better."

"Oh, but you could, daddy," he said. "You might have looked sprised, and said 'Oh!'"

An Insurance Office Story.

"THIS is an insurance agency, is it not?"
"Yes, sir," replied the clerk.
"Fire insurance?"
"Yes, sir."
"Do you represent any company with a cash capital of £2,000,000 or over?"

"Yes, we do."
"One that you can recommend as safe, strong, and thoroughly reliable?"

"One of the best in the world. What description of property do you wish to—"

"Does it insure against loss by lightning?"

"It will agree to cover every possible risk from fire, no matter what may be the cause."

"And give permission to use coal, oil, or gas stoves?"

"Certainly, with the usual restrictions."

"I think that this is the kind of company I should insure in," said the caller, after a thoughtful pause, "if I had anything to insure. May I ask for half-a-dozen of this year's calendars? Thanks. Good-morning."

"Boy, how can I get to the railway station from here?"

"Have you got a carriage?"

"No, my little lad."

"Oh, then you'll have to walk."

"My dear Cohen, what has happened?"
"Haven't you heard? I'm a bankrupt. I've lost everything I had in the world."
"Dear, dear! I did hear that you had lost a good deal of money, but it never occurred to me that it was your money."

An old Sussex farmer visiting London for the first time was taken into St. Paul's Cathedral. He stared about him in amazement, and his astonishment at the magnitude of the building seemed too great for utterance.

It was only when he stood under the dome and gazed down the vast nave and up to the dim and misty roof that his admiration at last found vent in words:

"My! what a faine barn this 'ud make!"

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Little Sisters.

BABY totters when she walks
(She is only two, you know),
Twists the words up when she talks,
But I like to hear them so,
'Cause I can always find them out
And tell nurse what she talks about.

Baby always comes to me
To help her dress, to help her play.
I am half past four, you see,
And growing bigger every day,
And I'm learning A B C
And tables up to three times three.

And I've got a painting book,
A box of paints and brushes too.
I turn the leaves for her to look
And show her red and prussian blue.
She knows them now and gives them me
When I paint roofs or skies and sea.

When I'm six, I'll learn to sew,
Mend and darn as mother does,
Knit my socks right to the toe
And make coats and hats for us,
And teach dear baby all I do,
And mother'll rest and watch us two.

"MARIE, didn't you feel terrible when your engagement was broken off?"

"Yes; and I had another dreadful blow the same day. My new frock came home and didn't fit."

CUMSO: "Well, Johnny, how do you like your new teacher?"

Johnny: "Not much. She don't know anything. To-day she asked me who discovered America."

PRETTY CASHIER: "You might give me a holiday to recruit my health. My beauty is beginning to fade."

Manager: "Why do you think so?"

Pretty Cashier: "The men are beginning to count their change."

"You must not suppose," she said, "that I have accepted you because no others were ready to place themselves at my disposal."

"Oh! I don't," he replied. "It would be preposterous for anyone to conclude that your mother would keep you for weeks at such an expensive summer resort as this if there were not plenty of chances."

"How are you getting on at your new place?" asked a lady of a new girl whom she had recommended for a situation.

"Very well, thank you," replied the girl.

"I am very glad to hear it," said the lady. "Your employer is a very nice lady, and you cannot do too much for her."

"I don't mean to, ma'am," was the innocent reply.

Real Strategy.

THE other day a young doctor, who, doubtless from some scientific or other high motive, had declined to pay a bill, had a "distress" served upon him in the most ingenious manner. His intelligence had long defied the bloodhounds of the law, but the broker's man alone was one too many for him.

The doors were locked, the windows bolted, the area gate impregnable; but the genius to whom had been intrusted the task of entering the castle was equal to the occasion. What he looked for was "the motive"—that is, the motive which would be most likely to induce a young doctor to open his door; and he found it in a "patient."

He drove up to the door in a cab as a chronic but well-to-do invalid. Swathed in flannel he tottered up the steps, and when the sympathising physician let him in, and was about to inquire into his case, he replied:

"Summons, sir; I'm the broker's man."

"It makes a woman feel better to cry," remarked the observer of men and things. "She gets lovely prismatic effects by looking at things through her tears."

"I HAVE here a neat and pretty little letter-opener," began the agent.
"So have I at home," said the business man; "I am married."

MANAGER (to stubborn actress): "Well, is your mind made up to go on?"

Actress: "No sir, it is not."

Manager: "Why not?"

Actress: "It doesn't require it. Thank goodness, it's the one thing about me that is natural."

YOUNG DOCTOR (breathlessly): "I am told that a gentleman who lives in this house has just broken a leg."

Resident: "Yes. Are you a carpenter?"

Young Doctor: "A carpenter! No; I'm a surgeon."

Resident: "We want the services of a carpenter, not of a doctor. It's a wooden leg."

A Fair Exchange.

SHE drew a threepenny-bit from her purse and put it between her teeth, while she crowded back the contents of the bag, and snapped it shut.

When the conductor came along, she took the coin from her mouth and extended it to him.

He saw the action, and at once placed a penny between his lips. Then he took the coin and handed her the change.

"A fair exchange, ma'am," he pleasantly said.

"Of what?" she haughtily asked.

"Of microbes," he replied, and passed along.

Jerry's Version of It.

A LADY who takes a great interest in ragged school work tells this excellent anecdote.

One of her classes is composed of about twenty boys, whose ages range from three to six.

The other day the lesson was on the peculiarities of our language. Words that are pronounced alike and spelt differently and words that are pronounced differently but spelt alike were discussed at length.

She explained the difference between lead the metal and lead the verb, and the children quite understood.

Then she took the two words "weak" and "week." She explained the difference in the meaning and use, and then called up a little fellow, aged five, to use the word "weak" in a sentence.

The little fellow thought a moment, then answered:

"A weak old woman."

The teacher nodded her approval.

"Now, Jerry," she said, turning to another little boy, "you take the word 'week' and use it in a sentence."

Jerry thought a minute, and then he, too, replied:

"A week-old baby."

PARKER: "One gets a fair conception of distance when one stops a moment to consider that the sun is over ninety million miles from the earth."

Sparker: "That's nothing. I called on a daughter last night that seemed a good deal more distant than that."

YOUNG HUSBAND: "I am just about dead-beat putting down this carpet."

Wife: "The carpet is not heavy."

"No; but I have to work in such a cramped position."

"Nonsense; just imagine you are on your bicycle."

MRS. DE SCIENCE: "If I am able to carry the baby I should think you ought to be."

Professor De Science: "You forget, my dear, that an average man has to carry an atmospheric pressure of fifteen tons, while woman, being smaller, does not have to carry more than ten or twelve tons."

The Twentieth Century Begins on January 1st, 1901, and Potchefstroom is the Capital of the Transvaal.

IF ITS IN P.W., ITS SO.

COMPLETE SHORT TALES

THE SUBALTERN'S STORY.

BY JOHN K. PROTHERO.

It was Harley who first called my attention to the fact that the Colonel's wife was looking ill, and that the Colonel himself had been, even for him, unusually irascible of late.

"Didn't I hear some talk of a difference of opinion between Mrs. Lascelles and her husband's niece?" he queried. "It's a mistake in my opinion to have two pretty women in the house together. The Colonel should know better. Why doesn't he pack Miss Ida off to London, or, better still, marry her to a steady-going chap like Wilmot?"

"Wilmot be hanged," cried I. "Ida is much too good, let alone too lovely, for a curmudgeon like Wilmot."

"So that's the way the land lies, my young friend. Well, I commend your taste, but"—he shook his head portentously—"it's no go."

"What do you mean?" cried I.

"You're too late, my boy. The young lady's heart has already capitulated."

"Harley," said I, "for Heaven's sake stop fooling. To your knowledge is Ida Lascelles engaged?"

"To my knowledge—no. To my belief and firm conviction—yes."

"Then why is it kept secret? Besides, who is the man?"

"That," returned my tormentor, "I leave to your powers of deduction. It may, however, help you to come to some conclusion if you ask Miss Ida what attraction lies for her in that most dreary spot, Lillford Common, and why she should select it for her walks when there are so many prettier places in the neighbourhood."

So saying Captain Harley strode off in his usual annoying fashion.

Now, without paying too much attention to what he said, I reasoned it might be as well to reconnoitre this same Common, and therefore set out thereunto. The road was bare and uninteresting enough to satisfy a charity commissioner with a rooted objection to extraneous adornment. I was inclined to echo Harley's surprise, when I suddenly came in sight of Ida Lascelles herself.

"Now, why select such a dull spot for a walk?" I asked in an easy way.

"Dull, when you're here, Mr. Talbot?"

I was knocked out at once.

"It's very nice of you, Miss Ida, but supposing I hadn't been here?"

"Then of course you'd have been somewhere else, and I don't want to imagine so dull a possibility. Tell me, Mr. Talbot, who's going to win the Cup at the steeplechase?"

That was enough to make me forget mysteries, commons, and everything, even Miss Ida's fair face itself.

"Most of the fellows have put their money on Major Denant's chestnut," I answered.

"And you?"

"Well, that's a bit of a secret, Miss Ida, but I can trust you, I know, and so I don't mind letting it out. Harley's going to enter his black mare. She's a vicious brute, but no end of a flier. She'll simply walk away from the field."

"But I thought she was so difficult to manage. Surely Captain Harley wouldn't be so foolhardy as to try and handle her himself?"

"No fear," said I. "Harley's plenty of pluck, but he's not a fool, and he knows that Milady will have nothing to do with him. We've found our man, Miss Ida, the best seat and the lightest hand in the regiment; not another fellow to touch him."

"But isn't it very dangerous? It's a rough course, and with an animal like that—"

"Oh, it certainly has its risks," I returned, "but the fellow is ready to take them. Besides, every risk has its compensations."

"Nothing can compensate for broken limbs, possible loss of life—"

She broke off, and, with a sudden flush, laid her hand upon my arm. "It isn't—"

she commenced, then stopped, and looked me through with her soft grey eyes.

"No, dear," I whispered, my heart going twenty to the dozen, "it isn't I."

"That," she said slowly, "is of course consolation; but, at the same time, I am still curious."

I was a bit nettled at her seeming indifference.

"Oh, really, you know," I said, "it's not much consequence. It's the mare one's interested about, not the man."

"I should have said it was neither, Mr. Talbot."

"What then?"

"The money you have put on both," she answered, and remembering how heavily I had backed Milady I had nothing to say.

"Well," she came suddenly to a standstill, "you cannot expect me to ask your man if I don't know his name. Who is he, Mr. Talbot?"

"It's nobody of any importance; a Tommy, you know, in Harley's own company."

"Yes? I know most of the men by sight and many by name. Perhaps I know this one."

"I daresay you do. A tall, fine-looking chap, with a thoroughbred air. Dick Norris, the gentleman ranker."

"And he's going to ride?"

"For all that he's worth. Why, Ida, you're ill. Lenn on me—what's the matter?"

She pushed me away.

"I am giddy, that's all. I shall be better, much better, directly."

She had turned quite white and her breath came in short, quick gasps.

After a bit she seemed better and apologised—and I am bound to say an apology was due—for her upsetting conduct.

"I felt so relieved," she said with a little hysterical laugh, "so relieved when I knew it was only a Tommy going

to ride. It's such a comfort to think that, as you say, one more or less is of such little importance. Now an officer, you for example, what a difference 't would make. I doubt," she gazed at me earnestly, "I doubt, Mr. Talbot, if you would be ever replaced."

"Now really that's awfully nice of you, Miss Ida," I answered, just a wee bit flustered.

I can't quite tell how it came about, but before Miss Ida and I separated we had arrived at a sort of understanding.

Without actual putting it into words, the dear girl let me know that she had thought much of me of late.

"I thought it possible you might, sometime or other, like to explore the moor," she said, pointing to the very unmoorlike expanse of moor-enclosed grass around us.

"With you as guide," I answered.

"Yes," she returned half shyly.

After that what could a fellow do but suggest that the autumn afternoons were delicious for a stroll and that "the moor" was too delightful? Half the fun of going about with a pretty girl, though, lies in the fact of making other fellows envious, and none of our mess could be envious if the meeting took place where no one could see.

"Then to-morrow afternoon at five," she murmured, and I answered, "Five let it be."

Now there's something very gratifying to one's self-esteem in the unravelling of a puzzle, and I must confess I felt supremely, and I think justifiably, elated at my success that afternoon. Ida's liking for lonely spots, her abstraction, her devotion to another, apparent even to a dense chap like Harley, was fully explained. It was comprised in three words—love for me!

I was just about to broach the all important fact that I had considerable expectations from a wealthy aunt, when Ida uttered an exclamation.

"Oh, nothing," she replied, belying her words, as is the custom of her sex, by gazing around her in a perturbed fashion.

We were just shaving the edge of the common—somehow the common perpetually intruded itself—and under a clump of trees a man and woman were engaged in conversation.

I laughed.

"Possibly a pair of lovers," I said. "Why, if I'm not very much mistaken it's Dick Norris. Now I never thought he was that kind of chap."

She turned on me sharply.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"He has the reputation of being a sort of woman-hater," I answered, "an unusual reputation for a gentleman ranker."

We passed by them quickly, fellow feeling made me kind, but Ida glanced back once or twice, which I could not help regarding as a somewhat ill-bred thing to do, more especially as I wished to look myself.

Dick Norris overtook us as we neared the town, and I really think the man must have been drinking. He was very white, and swayed unsteadily, passing by without an attempt at a salute. He stumbled just in front of us and dropped his cane. As he stooped to pick it up I noticed something glittering round his wrist.

Fearful that he would annoy Miss Ida, I hurried to his side and gazed, quite accidentally—curiosity is such a low down sort of vice—at his arm. With very little trouble, for I have excellent sight, I discovered it to be something very different to what I had expected. It was a thin gold chain with a pair of emerald clasps, and it struck me as singular that a private should be in possession of so valuable a piece of jewellery.

And then like a flash it went through me that I had seen that same bracelet before. When, where? The answer came like a thunder-bolt. At dinner last week at the Colonel's, on the fair white arm of the Colonel's wife.

I shook my head. On principle I had always mistrusted Dick Norris, and now I felt I had been right.

The next question was how or in what manner had he stolen it, for stolen it of course he had. Again an inspiration seized me. The woman, the meeting, the common—it was simply the easiest thing in the world to guess! The woman was Mrs. Lascelles' maid, and Dick Norris was her lover. Both of course were thieves.

Could any reasoning be more simple or more convincing? And yet when I told that donkey, Harley, he swore at me and vowed I was an ass.

Strange are the ways of women! Five o'clock next afternoon found me patiently patrolling the common. Half-past found me still patrolling, but hardly so patiently; a quarter to six and I was well on my road home. Never again, Miss Ida, never again; henceforth our rendezvous shall be in a place less remote or not at all.

"Well, Mr. Talbot, and what have you to say for yourself? Three-quarters of an hour late. You don't deserve to be spoken to."

"Won't do, Miss Ida," I returned. "I was at the spot to the exact moment."

"Why," she exclaimed indignantly, "whatever do you mean? You've never been near the mill the whole afternoon."

"The mill? What mill?"

"There, didn't I say so. You are too bad, Mr. Talbot. You promised to meet me by the old mill on the Lillford Road just on the outskirts of the common. You know you did."

"I understood you to mention—"

I paused and pointed vaguely behind me. "You said the common, didn't you?"

"It's so likely I should, isn't it? The common! Why, it's three miles long at least."

Seized with compunction—I could see the poor girl felt the disappointment keenly—I hastened to reassure her.

"Don't say another word, Miss Ida. I don't mind a bit, only another time be a little more accurate. I'm afraid you are inclined to be careless."

She laughed and murmured something about "trying to improve." She didn't make any suggestion as to another

meeting, and the afternoon's experience had not been sufficiently enlivening to induce me to do so.

"I don't know when I shall see you again," she said with a little sigh. "I'll let you know as soon as I can."

"Shan't you be at the Carthews' dance?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

She flushed a little and answered in rather a queer sort of voice:

"Oh, yes, but I didn't mean that—"

"Ida," said I laying hold of her hand.

"Don't," she cried angrily, "don't."

I suppose she felt shy. Well, I always did like a reserved sort of girl.

My mind was too occupied during the next few days to give much thought to Ida. The bracelet I'd seen in Dick Norris's hands troubled me greatly. It was clearly my duty to inform the Colonel of the facts of the case, and I'd just decided to make a formal call on him for that purpose, when Harley, with his usual abruptness, put his head round the door.

"You're a nice sort of Sherlock Holmes," he said jeeringly.

"Pretty fool you'd have made of yourself with your yarn about Norris's bracelet. I was up at the Colonel's this afternoon and got talking to Mrs. Lascelles about your latest exploit."

"Like your cheek," I growled.

"Not a bit. She was vastly amused. I told you, old chap, it was a cock and bull story. Now, didn't I?"

"You're always clever," I retorted witheringly, "in your own estimation."

He grinned.

"Well, this is what she said about it. 'Mr. Talbot has reasoned the case out most wonderfully; I feel sure he would make a first-class detective, only the bracelet he saw on my wrist last week is at present locked up in my jewel case.'"

"That may be," said I stubbornly, "but that doesn't prevent Norris having taken the bracelet from somebody else."

"Somebody else's fiddlestick! Can't you see you've mistaken a sham bit of jewellery for the real thing?"

"Not it, Harley. You forget I know something of jewels. My mother's diamonds are said to be—"

Harley rudely interrupted me.

"I know, I know, old chap. Excuse me but I must be off. See you later."

A moment after he reappeared.

"Anyway, I suppose you'll let the matter be till after the steeplechase. I don't want my man worried with any of your Scotland Yard performances."

The Carthews were giving their dance that evening, so I spent rather longer than usual in dressing. I found Miss Ida surrounded by a group of fellows, grinning idiots most of them, and as devoid of taste as a caterpillar.

"Late again," she murmured reproachfully. "I've had such trouble to save a dance for you. It's more than you deserve, but still I've kept the first extra disengaged. Are you glad?"

Now, I'm dashed if I was. The Carthews' champagne is uncommonly good, and their cuisine perfection, but every campaigner knows that unless one is early in the supper field debris rather than dainties are one's portion.

Mrs. Carthew then came up and suggested I might like to see her orchid house. The room was so painfully crowded that I gladly acceded. As I crossed the hall Miss Carthew came to me.

"Would you mind taking this to Mrs. Lascelles, Mr. Talbot?" she said insinuatingly. "Someone's just left it for her, and the maid brought it to me. I don't want to miss this wait, so if you would be so kind—thanks so much. Mrs. Lascelles is in the orchid house with Captain Harley."

She danced off leaving me with a small parcel in my hand and a sense of mystery in my breast. I object to being treated in so off-hand a manner. However, I made my way to the conservatory, and finally located Mrs. Lascelles and her companion.

Now I've often begged Harley, in a friendly sort of way, to endeavour to moderate his voice. He never would listen to me, and so in this instance he was rightly served. His words would have been audible half way down the passage.

"It's impossible, Mrs. Lascelles. I simply can't do as you ask me. It's my last chance, a sort of forlorn hope. If it fails I must leave the Army, and that spells ruin."

"He would consent to give it up?"—I wish to state that Mrs. Lascelles' portion of the conversation was literally forced upon my ears—"if you were willing. Even now I do not despair of persuading him."

"For his sake as well as my own I hope you will not be successful," said Harley gravely.

At this point I became visible.

"What the—"

commenced Harley, evidently forgetting where he was.

I stopped him, however, in time.

"Miss Carthew asked me to bring you this, Mrs. Lascelles. She said it was important."

She took the packet, and Harley and I walked away.

As we reached the door, however, a sharp cry broke from her lips. I turned. She was holding something in her hand, and her face looked drawn and haggard in the lamp-light.

"He's sent it back," she said.

"Hush," murmured Harley, by her side in a moment.

"Hush."

But an excitable woman, with overstrung nerves, needs something considerably stronger than that to quiet her.

"He won't keep it, won't sell it, won't buy his discharge. Oh!" and she flung the thing she held upon the floor.

Instinctively I glanced to where it fell, and barely smothered an exclamation. Mrs. Lascelles had dropped the very bracelet—I swear it was the same—that I had seen in Dick Norris's possession.

"What shall I do?" she cried excitedly. "He will ride, he will be killed—"

"He?" interrupted a scornful voice—Ida's voice. "And what is he to you?"

"Ida," said I in surprise, but she waved me impatiently aside, and gazed at Mrs. Lascelles, hatred, contempt, and a subtle suggestion of fear in her flushed face.

"I ask again what is this man to you?"

With a quiet gesture Harley went towards Miss Ida.

"And to you?" he asked.

And neither of the women answered.

For the next two or three days I felt very depressed. It was no use forming theories when there was no one to explain them to. Harley avoided, all but declined to see me, Mrs. Lascelles was "Not at home" when I called, and Miss Ida invariably "out."

There was but one thing to do—acknowledge regretfully that I had been mistaken and put Ida out of my life. I decided to make some advance and try to forgive her; but for the present the steeplechase took all my thoughts.

Shall I ever, I wonder, forget that same steeplechase? Harley and I were together. We had taken our station a short distance from the nastiest bit of the course, a hedge, with a wide ditch to follow, then cross country till the finish.

The Major's chestnut and Milady led the field. One after the other the rest tailed off, and the race, as we had foreseen, lay between the two. Norris was holding his mount well in hand, and not until half the distance was covered did he let her go. The beauty shot ahead like an arrow, faster and faster, till she all but shook off her rival. As they neared the spot we were standing, Dick well in front and going strong, I couldn't resist a triumphant shout.

"Hurrah," I cried, and waved my cap.

For a moment I thought Harley would have struck me.

"You fool!" he cried. "You—fool!"

The mare, nervous as a cat, had started at my shout, and, irritated still more by the cap, she swerved and took the bit between her teeth. It was, as I say, a nasty jump, and the danger was increased tenfold by the fact that on the far side of the ditch on the extreme right there rose a sturdy ash, and it was to the right the mare had swerved.

To attempt to coerce Milady was to court failure. Dick knew it all too well, and sat with clenched teeth praying she might yet regain her stride. Nearer and nearer they came to the leap, the hedge towered like a green wall. Milady tossed her head, rolled her eyes wickedly, and rose to it like a bird. Over the hedge, over the ditch—

"Ah!" A long-drawn sigh broke from a thousand lips.

She had jammed poor Dick against the tree. For a moment he swayed, then, raising his whip, he brought it down with all his force across her neck. Maddened with the pain the mare tore away like a thing possessed.

"Milady wins!" we shouted, "wins—has won!"

Harley threw back the friendly hands that sought to keep him.

"For Heaven's sake let me get to Norris. I'm afraid he's hurt."

They had taken him to the dressing tent, and the doctor was bending over him.

"How is he?" we all asked, but the surgeon shook his head.

There was a slight commotion just outside, but before any of us could still it Miss Ida entered.

"Dick!" she cried, "Dick!" and, breaking from our restraining hands, she threw herself beside him, kissing his face and hair, oblivious of our presence.

Somehow I wasn't altogether astonished, I had long had my suspicions in that direction, but for what followed I own I was not prepared.

Mrs. Lascelles was heard asking for admittance, and someone, Harley I think, was trying to dissuade her.

"I must come," she said in a high shrill voice. "I must come. I tell you he is my son."

Of course, it panned out all right at the finish, these sort of things always do. Dick recovered, but of course you expected that. As for Mrs. Lascelles, we all knew she had been companion, or something of that sort, when the Colonel married her. But neither he nor any of us were aware that when only seventeen she had married a fellow named Norris. A thorough-paced scoundrel, he had brought his career to a close in prison, breaking his neck in attempting to escape.

His widow, to avoid all questions, resumed her maiden name, and took an engagement. It was when Dick was about eighteen that Colonel Lascelles proposed, and the poor little woman thankfully accepted his offer. Fear, and a variety of other reasons, prevented her telling him of her first marriage. She determined to wait, and, in the meantime, to educate Dick. The young fellow, however, and I think he was right, declined to take any man's money by stealth. He refused any help, and enlisted. And the commencement of the trouble came when Colonel Lascelles was appointed to the command of the very regiment to which Dick belonged.

The trouble grew when Mrs. Lascelles discovered that some time back, as boy and girl, Ida and Dick had cared for each other. What with Miss Ida's suspicions, and her son's determination at any cost to remain in the regiment, the poor lady was beside herself. As a last effort she gave him a bracelet—not one of the Colonel's gifts she assured him—in order that he might purchase his discharge, leave her, Ida, and the Army, and at the same time save his neck. For that he would be killed at the steeplechase she was convinced.

About six months after the race Colonel Lascelles took another command, and about the same time a cadet entered Sandhurst of the name of Norris. They say he's likely to do well.

The wedding? Oh, that's over long ago. I got my own back on Miss Ida, though. I sent her a sketch of the common as a wedding present.

A New Burglar Alarm.

SWEET GIRL: "Pa, the house next door was robbed last night."

Pa: "Mersey! Next door?"

Sweet Girl: "Yes, and the burglars have been in two or three houses on this terrace within a week."

Pa: "I know it! I know it! It's terrible! But what can we do?"

Sweet Girl: "I was thinking it might be a good plan for Mr. Nicsefellow and me to sit up a few nights and watch for them."

A Cow That Has Eighteen Horns.

A cow with eighteen horns is one of the latest freaks of nature which has come to our notice. The horns by their appearance deserve their appellation, but by their location would better be called corns, for they are located four on each foot, which, in addition to the two on the cow's head, make the full eighteen.

The horns on the feet are in appearance and size similar to those to be found on the head of a well-developed ram, and grow spirally from the front and back of each hoof. Owing to the length of the horns on the fore feet, the cow is compelled, when in an upright position, to rest the weight of the front part of the body upon the knees, while the lower part of the legs are bent under the body. The hind feet rest firmly upon the ground.

This cow was born in Texas, and, when a calf, was branded, and ran with the herd until about eight months old, when it was discovered lying in a neglected part of the pasture with its feet so encumbered with its horns that it was unable to search for food, and nearly famished. It was taken to the shed, and has since enjoyed good health, though unable to forage on its own account.

The Soldier's Parole.

PAROLE, it must be understood, is a purely voluntary compact. The captor is not obliged to offer to parole his prisoner—the prisoner is not obliged, and cannot be compelled, to give his parole.

If he does so, he will probably be released on pledging his word not to serve during the existing war. If he refuses he will remain captive until the war is over or until he can make his escape.

The usual parole pledge extends only to active service against the enemy. A prisoner released on parole is not breaking his contract if he drills recruits, quells civil commotions, or fights other enemies.

A soldier taken prisoner has no authority to pledge himself never to serve against a particular enemy. He cannot throw off thus lightly the duty he owes his sovereign or country, and if he make any pledge it must be confined to a limited time.

Moreover, if a prisoner should make a pledge not approved by his own government he is bound to return and surrender himself to the enemy.

In the British Army a soldier can only give his parole through a commissioned officer. Even a non-commissioned officer or an officer of inferior rank cannot give parole either for himself or for his men without permission from his commanding officer.

The United States authorities, by the way, give greater liberty of parole than is the case with the British Army.

A captured prisoner who has violated his parole may be punished with death.

"WHAT does it mean by hiding your light under a bushel?"

"Sending valentines without writing your name on them."

"Now," said the dude, "you may put some brilliantine on my moustache."

"Ah, sir," quoted the intelligent barber, "first you must catch your hair."

"DID you study hard for the prize at school, Tommy?"

"Yes, mamma; I spent a whole hour finding out what kind of toffee Johnny Jones liked best, and then he had a toothache, and couldn't recite, and I got the prize."

HE: "Sometimes I wonder if you really love me."
SHE: "As if I hadn't proved it! Haven't I called you 'Dumpty darling'?"

"Well?"

"And that is a name which, until I met you, I had held sacred to dear little Fido."

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TO SHOOT OR NOT TO SHOOT?

HOW THE SWISS LEARN TO SHOOT AND WHAT WE SHOULD DO TO EQUAL THEM.

As already stated in P.W., it is our intention to take up energetically the matter of the organisation of rifle clubs in all parts of the United Kingdom, with the object of forming a large body of men, capable of rendering effective aid in time of emergency, as auxiliaries to the ordinary war forces.

Modern conditions of warfare are such that a trained shot is generally worth quite as much as a man who has laboriously achieved a knowledge of complicated exercises, drills, and manoeuvres.

In the days of Good Queen Bess archery was on the wane. But strong laws were made with the object of compelling Englishmen to practise at the butts; these laws were vigorously executed. There is no necessity now for such laws, as there are enormous numbers of men—and women, too, for that matter—who are exceedingly anxious to become good shots, and who would not grudge the time necessary for attaining that object. It is unfortunate that we are not so well equipped—taking into consideration the difference in shooting instruments and the age—as were our forefathers.

Every village had its butts, which, when the day's work was done, became the centre of the crowd of pleasure-seekers. It was here where Englishmen obtained the proficiency which achieved for them the honour of being the most deadly shots in the world.

With the necessary training, our men of to-day can be made to equal, at least, the sharpshooters of any other nation; it is the lack of opportunity, of means, which up to now has prevented this.

Among the things they do better on the Continent is the provision for making good shots, by various incentives to rifle-shooting. An especially good example of the promotion of efficient shooting is given by Switzerland with its exceptional army.

The Swiss army is quite unlike any other, in fact it is a militia force, and every citizen is liable to serve in its ranks for a period of twenty-five years.

As a matter of fact, the conscript has only 135 days of training during this long period of service, although he keeps his clothing, arms, and equipment, during the time. Those citizens who are exempted from service pay an annual tax.

Of course the conscript has to undergo courses of instruction in musketry. In addition to these courses, there are years in which he is not called out for training. In these years he is required to fire at least 30 rounds, in an acknowledged rifle club, under rigorous conditions.

Cartridges are sold to voluntary rifle clubs at under cost price, the loss to the Government being about £20,000 during the years mentioned.

By supplying ammunition under cost price the Swiss authorities have done much to encourage rifle and revolver shooting. Some of the ranges are really magnificent. This applies especially to those at Zürich, which are considered to be without equal anywhere. Many of these ranges cost £40,000 apiece.

The number of shooting clubs is really remarkable when the size of the mountain nation is considered. In this population of three millions there were no fewer than 3,446 rifle clubs, with a total membership of 210,000 in 1898; these numbers compare with 2,914 clubs and 125,000 members in 1889.

As to the ranges, there are a large number scattered up and down the cantons. There were 2,735 inspected in 1898, and many of these were really excellent. It will be of great interest to know that the largest proportion (62 per cent.) had a maximum shooting range of 400 metres (437 yards). Then follow those having a maximum shooting range of 500 metres (18 per cent.) and those of 600 metres (16 per cent.). There are only 4 per cent. which have a shooting range not exceeding 300 metres.

Compare the foregoing with our lack of musketry butts, and with the lack of encouragement given by our Government. What P.W. ultimately desires is that a leaf should be taken out of Switzerland's book, by the establishment of similar ranges, and by encouraging shooting by similar means.

Non-military rifle ranges should be distributed unsparingly over the kingdom, so that the bulk of the people can have a ready means of practising shooting as a recreation after the work hours. A proper scheme of supplying rifles for practice should be formulated by the authorities.

The whole of these rifles need not be of the latest description; old-pattern weapons would not be entirely useless, and would be obtainable at a little over old iron prices, not to mention confiscated rifles, such as the Boers' Mausers. The authorities should also make provision for the supply of ammunition on such terms as not to render shooting prohibitive to the many by reason of the pecuniary outlay.

By obtaining an adequate reserve of rifles, and by furnishing the means which would enable our civilians to learn how to shoot straight, our defences would be enormously strengthened. With these millions of citizen marksmen, ready to be drawn upon, invasion of our Isle Inviolata would cease to be the dream of our neighbours across the Channel.

One of the most interesting articles in the June PEARSON'S describes how horses behave on the field of battle, and shows how the British cavalry horses are treated when wounded.

Questions Worth Answering.

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

REPLIES.

5053. What is the Origin of Frowning?

Darwin traces frowning to the infant habit of contracting the muscles of the eyes in screaming. Infants naturally scream when put out, and the instinctive use of frowning as a protection to the eye from any rush of blood to the head becomes habitual. In adults screaming is discontinued for obvious reasons, but the tendency to frown, strengthened by hereditary impulses, remains, and is universally indulged in, so that men of all races frown when perplexed or vexed by anything difficult or displeasing. Its connection with vision and the muscles of the eye is further apparent from the fact that savages, and others who wear no head-covering, frown when focussing the eye and adjusting its supply of light to look at distant objects. Originally a purely physical act, the habit becomes increasingly and more closely associated with mental processes as life goes on.

5057. Which is the Largest Book in the World?

The largest book in the world has stood for years in the British Museum. This volume measures 5ft. 10in. in height, 3ft. 2in. in width, is bound in leather, eight different skins having been used for its cover, and requires four strong men to lift it. It is kept closed with three gilt clasps, and the diamond-shaped spaces on the covers are filled with alternate representations of the rose, thistle, and harp. This huge book was presented to the British nation by King George IV. in January, 1823; but during this last half of a century it has attracted little attention, and its ponderous covers have not been opened for many years. If quantity of contents, apart from actual volume size, is considered, the Chinese Department of the British Museum contains a single work which occupies no fewer than 5,020 volumes. This wonderful production of the Chinese press is an Encyclopaedia of the Literature of China, covering a period of twenty-eight centuries—from 1100 B.C. to 1700 A.D. It was purchased a few years ago for £1,500, and is one of only a very small number of copies now in existence.

5059. Have Voluntary Collections Ever been Made by the People of this Country in Aid of the Government?

Yes, this has repeatedly occurred. In theory, the money grants to Tudor sovereigns were frequently supposed to be voluntary contributions of the people towards the support of Government; but, putting these aside, the Stuart kings made a frequent practice of appealing to their subjects for voluntary help in money. Charles I., for instance, did so in order to support his Army during his dispute with Parliament, whilst during the reign of Charles II. a Mr. Abell, on the strength of a letter from the king, collected £25 amongst his neighbours in Buckinghamshire, and took it to the treasurer at Aylesbury, where, much to his surprise, that official refused it, saying he had no authority from the Government to receive it. In 1745 very large sums were voluntarily collected and paid over to the Government to assist in subduing the rebellion, and, again, during the American war, from 1775 onwards, immense collections were made and paid over to the authorities for its prosecution. Again, in 1782, several English counties raised funds in order that each might present a ship to the Navy.

5060. When Did the Last Real Famine Take Place in this Country?

Professor Thorold Rogers, who is an authority on such matters, asserts that there has been only one famine in English history, during the years of scarceness which lasted from 1315 to 1321, and that it was most severe at the beginning and end of that period. It is calculated that this and the black death combined carried off half the population of England. But those

who are less precise and exclusive are content to regard the year 1795 and the five years that followed it as a period of dire famine. Wheat stood, in 1801, at over 156s. the quarter, or double the normal price, whereas in the famine of 1820, it stood at five times the normal price. The Poor rates went up to four millions a year, and yet thousands died of starvation. Parliament took special measures to cope with this distress. A bounty of about 20s. was given on foreign corn. Neutral ships were seized, and compelled to discharge their cargoes in London, and the distillation of spirits out of corn was forbidden. Between 1792 and 1795 the price of the ordinary necessities of life rose 125 per cent. If this was not a famine, it was unpleasantly like one, and of very real significance.

5061. Is there any Body of Water which Consists of Fresh Water with Fresh-water Fish in it Above, and Salt Water with Salt-water Fish Below?

There are many examples of this. Fresh water is not so heavy as salt water, and floats on the top of it. Great rivers push out fresh water into the sea for considerable distances, and thus form a superficial layer, which remains constantly fresh, maintained by new supplies. The river Amazon, for example, perceptibly freshens the ocean to a distance of two or three hundred miles from land, and is permanently sweet for twenty or thirty miles, and the Nile, the Mississippi, the Ganges, and other large rivers produce a similar effect. The two kinds of water, near the surface and in the deeps, are respectively occupied by their appropriate fish. Other examples on a smaller scale were given in reply 4966 in which certain lakes are described, which consist of fresh water at the surface and salt water below.

5062. What Investment Made Fifty Years Ago Would be Most Profitable at the Present Time?

Of investments in real estate made fifty years ago none would have been more profitable than the purchase of land in the City of London. A case in point occurred about two years back, when an offer of £230,000 was made—and refused—for the area in Bishopsgate Street on which the Wesleyan Centenary Hall stands, and which half a century before had cost that body £15,000. Similar investments elsewhere would have yielded enormous profits; thus twenty-four square yards near the centre of Manchester recently sold for £216 0s. 10d. per square yard, and there is an area in New York city which originally cost John Jacob Astor £4,900, which is to-day valued at over a million. Fifty years ago these, or adjoining spaces, could have been purchased for comparatively small sums. In stocks, those of almost any of the great English railways might have been bought in 1850—in consequence of the panic of 1846-47—at prices from a half to a tenth of those now current.

5064. When were Arrangements First made between Different Countries for the Extradition of Criminals?

The earliest instance of a true Extradition Treaty was that negotiated between Rameses II., King of Egypt (the Pharaoh "who knew not Joseph"), and Khitasira, the King of the Khita, a Hittite tribe who dwelt in the valley of the Orontes. This treaty was made about 1,300 years before Christ, and its terms were sculptured on the walls of the temples of Rameses. Under the Roman Republic the demand for the surrender of offenders was confined to those who were guilty of political crimes, and under the Empire there was no necessity for such arrangements, as a fugitive criminal had no chance of escape except amongst barbaric people. The first instance of an English Extradition Treaty is that of 1174, made between Henry II. and William of Scotland, by which it was mutually agreed that persons guilty of felony should be surrendered or punished. There is, however, no instance of this treaty being enforced in any way. The first modern treaty of extradition proper is that of 1706, made between Venice and the cantons of Zurich and Berne, in which provision is made for the mutual surrender of all persons charged with murder, theft, arson, robbery, coming, and other crimes.

5063. Have any other Birds than Pigeons been Commonly Used in this Country to Carry Messages?

It is said that some years ago a man in Scotland caught some sparrows and trained them so successfully that he could release them from their cage, and they would fly back to it without any other inducement than love of their home. This trainer watched the birds carefully, and made up his mind that sparrows could be taught to do the work of carrier pigeons, and that as they were smaller they might be more valuable in case of war. He gave one of his little messengers to a friend who was going a distance of 150 miles, and told him to free the bird when he had reached the end of his journey, and at the same time to telegraph that he had done so. The bird reached home and went directly to its cage, making the journey in a little over an hour and a half. It cannot, however, be inferred from this that carrier sparrows have been in common use.

5065. Which Nation first used Stone Pavements for the Side-Walks in Streets?

Semiramis, about 1240 B.C., is reputed to have laid stone-paved roads for pedestrians and chariots, but whether these were separated is very doubtful. The Romans are supposed to have first used stone as pavement about B.C. 300, and the footways of their military roads—about one on each side—were so paved. The civil, or commercial, roads had the footway in the centre, and somewhat raised. Near Lyons a Roman road exists which shows us their system of road building. The foundation is composed of broken stone, then a layer of tiles or potsherds, then a bed of mortar, and upon this last the stone paving—the whole sometimes reaching a depth of twelve to fifteen feet. In this country paved side paths were almost unknown a century ago. In 1739 the main northern roads consisted of a narrow causeway, with soft earth on each side, into which the unfortunate wayfarer was compelled to plunge if he met even a train of pack-horses, so narrow was the whole space at his disposal.

5066. Is there any Definite Correspondence between the Complexion and the General Cast of the Features?

It is not, of course, possible for the most skilled physiognomist to deduce accurately the complexion of an individual from the general cast of his features. Still, there are some points of definite correspondence often observable between the two. Dark people, as a rule, have more nose, less cheek—literally—and stronger chins than fair folk, and their profile is frequently longer and more angular. "Fair, fat, and forty" go proverbially together, with smooth brow and rounded cheeks, broken only by dimples, while dark hair and clear cut nose, mouth and chin are often allied with cadaverous cheeks, deep facial lines, and the hungry look attributed by Shakespeare to Cassius, and by historians to Caesar. On the whole the fair-complexioned are linked with a cast of features readily responsive to emotion, and the dark complexioned with the suggestion of strength and stability. An expert in physiognomy supports this conclusion when he says "environment, race, and climate affect both the texture and colour of the skin, and the shape of the bones."

5068. At what Period in the History of this Country were Horses not Valuable?

Probably they were least valued in the period intervening between the Roman evacuation of England and the Norman invasion. Except in war, the horse was little used, and when the Saxons settled down in this country they devoted themselves to agriculture, in which, as was their usual custom, they used cattle for the plough and for draught purposes. It was not till the appearance of the Danes began to give trouble that Ethelred gave his attention to the breeding of horses for military purposes again, and from that time increased interest was taken in this matter as the value of horses became better appreciated. The Norman Conquest in due time established the use of the horse as one of the permanent institutions of the country, and one of man's most valued servants.

QUESTIONS.

5061. Where was the first Artesian well made?
5062. Why is champagne so expensive as compared with some other wines?
5063. Why does horror make "the flesh creep"?
5064. What is the origin of the scarlet coats worn by fox hunters?
5065. Which is the most famous preface to a book?
5066. Which was the first instance of deliberate obstruction in Parliament?
5067. What was the origin of four-post bedsteads?
5068. Which was the best money investment recorded in history?
5069. When was cypher writing first used for important messages?
5070. Which is the earliest recorded "last will"?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by air post on the Monday of the week following that for which the reply is due. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

MAMMA (at the breakfast-table): "You always ought to use your napkin, George."
George: "I am using it, mamma. I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it."

"Ah," sighed the elderly maiden, "you do not know what it is to have loved and lost."
"No," said the young woman. "I can show an unbroken string of victories in my breach-of-promise cases."

COCKNEY TOURIST: "Why, Donald, you surprise me. You don't like the English people, and yet you are married to an English woman—you have an English wife?"
Donald (with a sigh): "Ay, man, that accounts for it."

OLARA: "I don't think Grace cares very much for her husband."
Jessie: "Why?"

Olara: "Well, he was detained at his office until eight o'clock one evening last week, and it never occurred to her that he might be killed or something!"

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FEATHER BEDS FOR BEAUTY.

THE QUEEN USES ONE FOR HER HEALTH'S SAKE—
THE BENEFIT OF A FEATHER-FILLED TICK FOR
NEURALGIC, NERVOUS, AND RHEUMATIC PEOPLE.

THE science and practice of bed-making has undergone a radical change in the past few years. In the newly renovated and decorated houses no throne of state could be more impressive, more luxurious, and more radical in its departure from the hitherto accepted laws of hygiene than the bed a lucky guest is invited to sleep in.

The model just now in the houses where the antique mahogany era sweeps everything before it is the Georgian bed. Three could sleep, with an abundance of stretching room, in the area inclosed by the four massive carved posts of one of these big beds, and three mattresses are required to bring the sleeping platform up to the required height. One is of hair, one of cotton, and in winter, on top of these, reposes a mighty tick stuffed full of the best white goose feathers.

When these requirements are fulfilled the Georgian bed is dressed with an attention to detail and elegance that gives it an appearance hardly less sumptuous than the tent of an Indian rajah. Old brocade edged with bullion fringe forming the hangings and counterpane is one style of dressing a bed.

It is not everybody, however, who can get possession of a really truly carved Georgian bed or dress it in antique brocade, but even with the modern brass and iron bed it is true that curtains about the head and big feather stuffed mattresses for winter use are no longer a fashion but a general custom.

For half a century the feather bed has been looked upon very coldly by our leaders in hygiene, but recently, both with regard to the hangings and the feather mattresses, a change of mind has come, and delicate, nervous, neuralgic, rheumatic women, and particularly elderly persons and those afflicted with insomnia, have been recommended to the feather bed cure.

The Queen is one of the best proofs of the efficacy of the feather bed, for where Her Majesty goes her big tick full of feathers in its leather travelling case goes too, and the curtains are always drawn about the head of her bed to shut off any treacherous little draughts.

The Queen and her doctors believe that the proper way to sleep in winter is in a cold room luxuriously lapped in a nest of feathers that preserves all the heat of the body and necessitates in the coldest weather a covering of but one pair of blankets and an eider-down quilt.

The modern bed, so-called hygienic, requires more heavy covering than a pair of tired shoulders can stand, and the hair mattresses constantly dissipate the human heat instead of accumulating it, besides drawing away that priceless force—human electricity.

All this the feathers prevent. The easily-yielding surface they present permits perfect relaxation of the muscles that can never be gained on a bed of even the best hair.

With the coming of the eighteenth century type of wooden bed into fashion again the feather mattress was successfully introduced, and now there are numbers of women who have not only learnt their virtues but, like the Queen, travel about with their beds done up in leather cases. Some of the rheumatics and sufferers from cold extremities have pronounced themselves immune from their grievous afflictions when luxuriating among the feathers.

Feather beds are also coming into use in nurseries, and though for children the Georgian fourposter is not yet the fashion, the gayest beds are made to fit in with the schemes of nursery decoration. Charming carved and painted wooden beds are newly introduced, or they have brass or sometimes silver let into the dark wood in appropriate scenes and inscriptions. On the headboard of a light-coloured bed will, for example, be painted a night scene of clouds across the moon and a flight of owls. On the footboard a long line of carolling cocks greeting the sun typifies morning.

An exquisite mahogany bed, made for an American millionaire's child, showed in silver inlay on the headboard a moon and tiny sails, with a quotation in silver letters beneath from Tennyson's lullaby in the "Princess."

So prominently do beds figure in splendidly appointed bedrooms nowadays that it is no wonder their clothing shows all the art and lavish beauty and lace of a fashionable woman's wearing apparel. Sheets of any fineness are always made with broad bands of drawn work running about the four sides and linen lace whipped on the edges.

Costly blankets are sent to a needle woman before they are ready for use, to have their edges lightly scalloped and buttonhole-stitched with silk and a monogram worked in the corners. Counterpanes covered with china silk show a fluff of Valenciennes frills and pinked flounces about their edges, and the huge sham pillows used by day are upholstered to exactly accord with the counterpane.

Added to this luxuriousness there are beds with big sachet pillows that lie all day between the sheets, and when taken out at night surround the sleeper with a sleep-inviting fragrance of violets or rose leaves.

When Peggy Goes to Market.

WHEN Peggy takes her basket up
And off to market goes,
I'm stupefied to wonder at
How very much she knows.
She makes her way between the stalls,
And with judicial air
Decides that this is "so and so"
And that is "pretty fair."
She knows if fish are fresh or not,
And, wise as any owl,
She differentiates between
A chicken and a fowl.
She thumbs the breastbone of the one
And pulls the other's legs;
She squints her pretty little eyes
To test the new-laid eggs.
The veg'ables must be just right,
For with a critic's eye
She scans them, not inclined to pass
Their imperfections by.
She calls the market folks by name;
Ah, what a lot she knows,
When Peggy takes her basket up
And off to market goes!
When Peggy does the marketing
My heart with pride she fills;
I go along, a useless thing,
Except to pay the bills.

What Had Happened to the Water.

JONES happened to be in the neighbourhood of his house about lunch time and thought he would drop in and get something to eat.

His wife and the maid were both out, but he found a supply of food in the larder, so he managed to make a good meal.

Just as he was finishing a knock came at the door, and on opening it he found a man there.

"Hello," said Jones, "what's the matter?"
"Oh, do you live here? I'm the water man. The main has just broken in the street. Water will be turned off at three o'clock for the purpose of repairs. It won't be turned on again till to-morrow evening. This is just to warn you, so you can draw enough to last for the next twenty-four hours."

On the man's departure, Jones reckoned out how much water would be required, and straightway filled the bath, the boiler in the wash-house, and all the available vessels he could find. He then returned to business, congratulating himself that he was at home in that particular hour of need.

When Jones got home in the evening he found his wife fretting and fussing about in a state bordering on hysterics.

"I'm so glad you've come at last," she said. "I've had a most terrible time; everything has gone wrong. Jane hasn't come home yet, and to make matters worse she went out leaving the luncheon dishes unwashed. Besides that she left the bathroom and kitchen all slopped over as if we had been spring cleaning. And now I can't get any water to cook the dinner with. I've pounded on the pipes till my hands are sore, but they only respond with a dull hollow echo. Whatever I shall do I don't know, for there isn't a drop of water to be had for love or money."

Jones stopped on the threshold and peered cautiously into the kitchen.

"No water?" he said. "Why, there ought to be plenty. I happened to be here when the man came round to notify us that it would be shut off, and I filled everything about the place."

His wife looked round at the teakettle and all the jugs with a despairing glance.

"Oh," she said weakly, "I emptied all that out when I first came home. I wondered who on earth had filled them."

A SUGGESTION.—"Papa," said Willie, "why did you buy a golf-coat?"

"To play golf in, my son."

"Did you need it?"

"Of course I did."

"Then I want a top-coat to play tops in. I seen 'em advertised."

"Why did the owl howl? Because the woodpecker would peck her."

"How do we know the woodpecker would peck her? Because the tortoise taught us."

And so on, *ad lib.* Who will supply the *ad lib.*? A crisp £5 note will go to the reader who sends, on the back of a postcard, the ten best sentences prepared on these lines—that is to say, introducing the name of a bird, or beast, or fish, and adding other words phonetically the same.

All attempts should be sent to the HOWLING EDITOR, 17 and 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C., to arrive not later than Monday, June 11th.

HOW OFFICERS STAND

In Relative Importance to One Another.

AN ARTICLE YOU WILL BE THE WISER FOR READING.

MILITARY ranks above the rank of captain are very confusing and puzzling to the civilian mind, but following you have a table of reference explaining in easy language the relative positions of the higher grades of officers in the British Army.

Highest in rank is field-marshal, eight persons claiming it. Although that rank is perhaps more a position of honour than it is any real advance on the general staff, yet the rank of general is, of course, subservient to it both at home and in the field.

As an example, if General Sir Redvers Buller had been superseded in the command of the forces in South Africa by a general of his own rank, comment would have been loud and strong, and the authorities would have been rebuked, to say nothing of the injured feelings of General Buller himself; but a field-marshal was sent to take over the general command, thus leaving no room for comment, and putting General Buller in a position which cannot, from a military point of view or official etiquette, admit of any slight being offered to him.

A general is the chief officer in command of an army corps, and the rank is the highest of the grades of generals.

The next grade below the rank of general is lieutenant-general. The latter in time of war is given the command of a division, consisting of four brigades, each in strength numbering about 16,000 men.

As an example, Lord Methuen is a lieutenant-general, while acting under and in unison with him as the chief officers of brigades are Major-Generals Colville and Hildyard.

Below lieutenant-general comes the rank of major-general. Now, General Clery and others at the front, are really only major-generals and should therefore, strictly speaking, be in command of brigades acting under the instructions of a lieutenant-general, but as they have been given the commands of divisions they are necessarily ranked as lieutenant-generals, but the rank is really only local or temporary, although, according to usage, the probabilities are that they will be allowed to retain the rank, yet they might not.

Next to the rank of major-general follows the rank of brigadier-general. Now this is not a standing rank, it is only local or temporary, properly speaking. A brigadier-general commands a brigade—like a major-general—and is only so-called while the brigade is formed. General Woodgate, who was mortally wounded at Spion Kop, ranked as a brigadier-general, and was called general, although he was only gazetted as a colonel in the Army, but, being a senior colonel in the field, he was given the command of a brigade in the division commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Warren, who, in turn, received his orders from General Sir Redvers Buller.

In the next ranks below brigadier-general are found interminable complexities.

The colonel of a territorial regiment may be a major-general in the Army and an honorary lieutenant-general at the same time, while the commanding officer of the regiment is the lieutenant-colonel. At any rate, the second officer in command of a battalion is usually the senior major, although he may rank as a lieutenant-colonel in the Army, a position which does not, however, apply to the regiment he is serving with. All other regimental majors have commands of companies.

It also frequently happens that regimental majors are gazetted even as colonels in the Army, a fact which plunges not only the bewildered civilian, but soldiers themselves into confusion when trying to loosen the tangle.

When in 1892 the late General Wauchope was regimental major of his battalion he was also a colonel in the Army. He was at Gibraltar with his regiment. While there, the general commanding the garrison, together with the governor, were away on leave, and so the command fell on the senior officer in rank in the Army. It was discovered that Regimental-Major Wauchope was senior colonel in the Army, and, therefore, he assumed command of the garrison, while still retaining his rank as regimental major of his regiment.

Regimentally he was an inferior officer to the officers commanding the various regiments comprising the garrison, yet in the Army he was their superior. Strange, therefore, was the sight of these commanding officers coming to Major Wauchope, saluting him and getting from him the orders for the day, retiring, and saluting again; while later in the day, as Regimental Major Wauchope, he had to report to his regimental commanding officer the condition of his company, salute, and retire. He had also to receive from his commanding officer his instructions as regimental major which were issued by him earlier in the day to his regimental chief in his capacity of temporary commandant of the garrison.

Captain follows major, and subaltern—meaning first or second lieutenant—ranks below captain, the rank of second-lieutenant being the first of the commissioned ranks.

The most remarkable cemetery in the world, where only rich folk are buried, is described in the June PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, and illustrated with a series of beautiful photographs.

WHERE MILLIONS ARE MADE.

THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN HAS THE MOST LUXURIOUS OFFICES IN THE WORLD.

It is pretty safe to assume, in view of some of the modern improvements and ornamentation introduced in the big up-to-date office buildings, that the American business man has the most luxurious offices of any bread-winner in the world. Neither London, Paris, Berlin, nor Hamburg are likely for many years to show anything to compare with the offices in New York, Boston, and Chicago, where the American commercial geniuses sit and pull the wires that make the world of finance go round.

It goes to prove that a love of art and ease is by no means incompatible with long hours of the hardest kind of mental labour, and that the American financier has found in luxurious environment and the companionship of things beautiful a genuine aid in his struggle for dollars and power.

This was one of the successfully practised theories of a late president of one of the largest insurance companies of America. In the prominent building in New York, where he spent the best years of his life, the rooms he occupied were far more like a suite of superb private apartments than quarters for the transaction of sordid business. A cosy little private lift, sacred to his use alone, brought him to the door of the room where his desk was, and where the aspect presented was precisely that of a small, richly furnished library.

Behind this opened a well-appointed lavatory, and beyond a snugger where a divan offered opportunities for a nap, where space and appointments would permit

THE SPREADING OF A PERFECT LUNCHEON, and every appliance was at hand for making a toilet.

This office was a favourite hobby, and not the Queen herself has more thorough protection against intruders than this insurance prince had. In all, the gauntlet of eight clerks and servants had to be run before admission to this private suite might be gained, and in consequence the enormous business to be transacted was accomplished in a velvet silence and with fewer interruptions than most busy men.

The addition of private dressing-rooms to the offices occupied by the heads of great companies is an accepted essential now in the erection of the fine new business premises. Another insurance prince enjoys the use of as complete a little boudoir as art and science can contrive. In the corner of it, under a well-arranged light, stands a barber's chair, and here the manipulator of millions, who is noted for his utilisation of every possible waking moment, reclines to be shaved in the morning while the secretary sits near for dictation.

Not a thousand miles away from these handsome offices is an equally prosperous life insurance company that has earned some special fame because of the tapestry and carving oak furniture in the offices of its most prominent employees. There are cat-footed servants in gold braided livery passing in and out to offer visitors' cards on silver trays, pens, ink-wells, and blotters, upholstered in the heaviest repoussé metal, and cupboards concealed behind tapestry curtains, containing every appointment for spreading a hasty but thoroughly effective meal at any moment.

To such a point of perfection has one young man—lately risen to the rank of a millionaire in Wall-street—brought his office existence, that the

ANTIQUE MAHOGANY CUPBOARD

in one corner of his room contains a complete set of silver and china of the most expensive sort bearing his initials. Drawers below the well-loaded shelves hold an appropriate complement of fine table linen, and next to a sideboard, weighted with glass and decanters, in the deep wall of the room has been built at the cost of £70 a combination wine vault and refrigerator.

The business of amassing a great fortune has left this young Midas small time for following the social amenities, but after banking hours he is known to give charming tea parties to his feminine friends in smart society, and the great room in Wall Street, that opens to a view over the bay, affords as luxurious chairs, as fine a display of flowers and as faultlessly equipped and served tea-table as can be found in any fashionable drawing-room.

No such combination of fashion and finance is made in Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's office, where time is money and where, in the slang of the street, the effect is "rich but not gaudy." This banker prince has a taste for red, and the floor of his special and private room is covered with a superb ruby red carpet especially woven on an English loom. All the mounting of the room is done in dark, hard wood, and the Bank of England vaults are not harder to reach than Pierpont Morgan on his busy days. A negro in livery sits like Argus before the entrance to the private room, for Mr. Morgan puts great faith in the fidelity of coloured servants.

A smart mulatto in livery wards off intruders from the large, lofty chamber where Mr. Huntington, the famous railway and steamship magnate, toils. On the walls of this handsome chamber hangs a collection of prints of ocean craft that has been gathered together with great care, and represents a deal of money and artistic taste, for prints of vessels are one of the Huntington hobbies.

When the majority of men who nowadays sway vast financial destinies love to surround themselves with considerable pomp and ceremony, Richard Croker cheerfully conducts his share in a flourishing real estate business in one of the simplest and least expensive offices in New York city.

A couple of basement rooms on Broadway serve him and his partner, and if the whole office effects were put up at auction probably not £20 could be realised from the sale. The plainest of desks, with one like it for a secretary close by, a rug, a chair, and a telephone, seem to fulfil the politician's ideal of what an office should be, while all day long the firm's customers, reporters, and political associates, after a cursory challenge from a clerk or office boy, drift in and out.

The majority find the "boss" of New York cheerfully willing to talk politics or business, but he must be permitted to walk restlessly about the narrow limits of the room as he chats, a cigar in his teeth, and one ear ready to catch the least tinkle at the telephone.

John D. Rockefeller belongs to the old-fashioned type of business man that professes a robust contempt for the splendours of the modern offices and any luxurious decoration. Nevertheless, he has his little weakness.

A couch bed will be found in a quiet inner room where an afternoon or mid-day nap can be secured, for, while other men find their recreation from business cares in theatre-going, golfing, or society diversions, this superior genius of modern finance completely restores his energy by a daily system of taking a nap, or merely lying quiet in a darkened room, very much on the principle of Napoleon Bonaparte, who could drop to sleep at a moment's notice, or whenever he wanted to divest his mind of business cares.

Ruined Ruins.

AN Irish landlord, the owner of some historical ruins, was once appealed to by a society for the protection of ancient monuments to prevent their destruction by careless tourists.

He at once ordered that a wall should be built round them.

Upon his return to Ireland he was astonished to find that, though the wall had been completed, the ruins had disappeared.

The workmen had used the ruins to build the wall.

Insufficient Data.

SMIFFKINS was looking over the paper of problems of a Civil Service examination. At one question he frowned, then smiled, and finally took the paper to the examiner.

"There is a mistake in one of the questions, sir," he said, with a superior air.

"Indeed! I am much obliged to you for calling my attention to the fact."

"It occurs in number nine, in which insufficient data are given."

"I don't see any error."

"Well, sir," said Smiffkins, triumphantly, "it says 'from one milestone to the next'; but it does not give the distance between them."

Animals that Have their Birth Announced.

THE apes of Gibraltar live in a little colony on the high eastern part of the Rock, and although they are certainly a branch of the Barbary family, yet how they became immigrants from the mainland across the Strait is likely ever to remain a mystery.

Although many years ago the monkey community at Gibraltar was very considerable, their number does not now exceed more than thirty, though the reduction could hardly have been brought about by interference, for a kindly interest has ever been taken by the garrison and local inhabitants generally on their behalf.

When Mrs. Monkey adds to the population, an announcement of the birth appears in the local paper.

"Of a son," or "of a daughter"—so the interesting event of the monkey mater finds recording, a distinction not accorded to any other animal in the world.

He: "And you refuse me?"

She: "I do."

He: "Pardon the seeming curiosity, but how many times do you usually refuse a chap before you accept him?"

SUB-EDITOR: "Here's one of the most absorbing pieces of copy I ever saw."

Editor: "What is it?"

Sub-Editor: "Story of a man who died from eating sponges."

Editor: "Is that all?"

Sub-Editor: "Yes; but, then, it is written on blotting paper."

MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

Being Something of Interest about Big People whose Birthdays happen this Week.

A FUTURE "Sailor King" of England, in the person of the DUKE OF YORK, celebrates his thirty-fifth birthday on June 8th, having been born at Marlborough House in 1865. With his late brother, the Duke went round the world in H.M.S. *Beagle* in 1879-82, and since then he has had command of torpedo boats and cruisers. The last sailor King of England was William IV., the immediate predecessor of Queen Victoria. William saw service in America and the West Indies, but his title, curiously enough, was Duke of Clarence. He was George III.'s third son, the King's second son being Duke of York.

LORD DIMSDALE, who becomes forty-four on June 4th, is a peer of the Russian Empire alone, and consequently he cannot sit in the House of Lords. The first baron was Thomas Dimsdale, a doctor who wrote much on inoculation, and in 1782, when small-pox was raging in Russia, the Empress Catherine sent for Dr. Dimsdale, and allowed him to operate on her and her son. The doctor's fee was £1,000, but in addition, the Empress made him a present of £10,000, and conferred a pension of £500 and a barony.

Not everyone seems to be aware of the fact that LORD WOLSELEY, who completes his sixty-seventh year on Whit Monday, has, during practically the whole of his career in the Army, worn a glass eye! He joined the Suffolk Regiment in 1852, and in the ensuing Crimean War, when with the famous 2nd Scottish Rifles, he was so severely wounded in the head by a splinter, that the surgeon, under the impression that the future Commander-in-Chief was dead, neglected him for a time. His lordship has taken part in eight other campaigns.

The would-be lady novelist usually starts upon her career in very early life, and Mrs. L. T. MEADE, who celebrates her birthday on June 5th, was no exception to the rule. She was born in County Cork, her father being a clergyman, and commenced by telling stories to her brothers and sisters to keep them quiet. When only seventeen her first work of fiction was written and sent, through a friend, to a publisher. It was accepted, and Mrs. Meade soon after became a popular writer for girls.

In the year 1850, a poor young fellow who had served his time as a draper's apprentice, determined to sail to seek his fortune in Canada. He must have succeeded in his quest, for the young man is now LORD MOUNT STEPHEN, whose seventy-first birthday occurs on June 5th. In turn, George Stephen became a shopkeeper, a cloth manufacturer, and a banker, and it was in the latter capacity that he earned fame, title, and more fortune by floating the stupendous Canadian Pacific Railroad, 3,000 miles long.

When only seven years old, SIR JOHN STAINER, who attains his sixtieth year on June 6th, became a chorister at St. Paul's, and, chiefly as organist, he has been connected with the cathedral for the past fifty years. In those days, a fellow-student of Sir John's was a boy who is now known as Sir Arthur Sullivan, and who was a chorister at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. While his friend devoted himself to secular music, however, Sir John has gained renown as a hymn composer.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, who celebrates her twenty-eighth birthday on June 6th, is, of course, a granddaughter of the Queen. Her mother was the Princess Alice, and she was christened Alix Victoria, though now, in accordance with Russian custom, the Empress's name is Alexandra Fedorovna. The Emperor fell in love with the Princess quite in early life; but his father, who did not love Germans, strongly opposed the match, and sent his son round the world on a tour. But Nicholas came back as determined as ever, and he married his choice within a month after the death of his father in 1894.

The day following is the sixtieth birthday of another Empress—a tragedy Empress. It is the insane EMPRESS CARLOTTA, widow of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, who was shot by his revolted people on July 19th, 1867. The Empress was in Europe at the time, trying to obtain assistance; but her reason gave way through disappointment some days before the death of her husband, and she is still unaware of the tragic occurrence. At Brussels now she often calls out his name lovingly in the Park. Strangely enough, the Emperor himself died in the full belief that his wife had already passed away in Europe.

"The Gordons will take it!" And, of course, they did, SERGEANT-MAJOR CORNELIUS COUGHLIN, V.O., who becomes seventy-two years old on June 8th, taking a very distinguished part. It was during the Indian Mutiny, and the 1st Gordons were hesitating to charge down a lane lined with the enemy's riflemen, when the gallant Sergeant-Major jumped to the front with a cheer, and showed them the way. He also led the party into an inclosure filled with the enemy, and slew every man, while, on the same memorable day, he saved many a wounded comrade from mutilation by rescuing them under fire. Hurrah!

Are athletics painful? Mr. C. B. Fry contributes an interesting paper on this subject to the June PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, illustrated with a marvellous series of snap-shots, showing how athletes distort their faces whilst running or jumping.

WHEN PEOPLE ARE BOGIES To Their Own Country.

THE DANGERS OF ALLOWING TOO MANY FOREIGNERS
TO BECOME NATURALISED CITIZENS.

THE naturalisation question has always been one of considerable interest, but no one, previous to Mr. Louis Tracy, has touched upon the phase of its ever becoming a serious menace to a nation's existence as he has in the serial story at present running through these pages.

It is not the object of this article to tell anyone how to become a member of any nation other than his own. That question has already been freely dealt with. It is the abuses of naturalisation that are never really admitted.

In the United States of America the problem of naturalisation has become very complex, and already the system has been the fulcrum for much abuse. New York is the port of all ports where the greatest number of immigrants arrive each year, and where more papers of naturalization have been taken out than in any other city. And this fact has been made use of in many strange ways.

In the first place, in the year 1868, to go some way back, it was estimated that as many as 40,000 forged certificates were given to would-be American citizens for the sole object of obtaining votes for some would-be Senator or city officer. Thus, one day over a hundred Italian labourers were landed at the port in the morning, marched to one or other of the courts the next day to declare their intentions of becoming American citizens, loaded into cars in the afternoon, taken to the voting-stations to register their franchise for the man who had bribed them, and then cast adrift to do what they liked.

According to the law in New York State, no naturalised citizen can vote unless he has procured his papers of naturalisation at least ten days before an election day. How, then, is the fraud worked? By the simple plan of getting a man to perjure himself, and bringing a false witness to support his lie.

The consequence of this must be bad for a nation. A loafer of an Italian will write to some equally worthless compatriot and tell him that if he wants to earn a few dollars all he has to do is to come and declare himself an American citizen, and take out papers of naturalisation. Thus the place gets overrun with a crowd of worthless idlers, who have no intention of becoming honest citizens of the country they adopt.

Nor is that the only dark side of the naturalisation question. Great Britain has ever been the one nation to encourage fair trade and friendly rivalry. But, as Mr. Tracy has so ably pointed out, Great Britain's very source of power seems likely to become her source of weakness.

Many foreigners come over to our country and get naturalised for perfectly laudable and comprehensive reasons. But then again many do not. How many scores of Frenchmen and Germans, the latter particularly, come over here every year, and take out their papers solely to escape their bane—universal conscription?

Then again, Great Britain is the first mercantile nation in the world. The wily foreigner knows this. He takes counsel with some equally wily friend.

"Look here," he says, "I've an idea. I'll go over to England and become a naturalised Englishman. In this way I shall insure for myself the same treatment as would be accorded to Tom Jones or Henry Robinson. I can thus pick the Britisher's brains with ease. You remain my agent here, and together we can run a very nice little business."

Thus we learn that in Calcutta some hundred cases of Scotch whisky (fuel oil manufactured in the Fatherland) are confiscated, all bearing the seemingly genuine labels of a very famous and real Scotch firm. And this was contrived by the retailer of the whisky being a naturalised Englishman.

In America they are already beginning to realise that the abuse of the naturalisation bureau is having a great deal to do with the alteration of the nation as a nation, and deep-thinking Yankees will tell you that they are by no means tranquil as to what the ultimate end will be.

Already the United States has become the dumping ground of all the worst-class Irishmen and Germans—though, of course, there are many fine representatives of Erin and the Fatherland in America—while the Italian colony in New York city is far larger than that in London.

In London alone there are 40,000 Germans naturalised as Englishmen, and it must be confessed—despite his boast of Fatherland's love—that the Teuton seems the most willing to renounce his country.

Statistics will tell you that Britons are the least fond of any nationalities of changing their country for good and all. The Briton is ubiquitous. He lives in the remotest corners of the earth. He has built up the biggest Empire the world has ever seen.

But he did not achieve this by taking out papers of naturalisation. He has, for the most part, still kept his face and his instincts turned towards the Motherland who sent him into the world; which is a comforting reflection, and will counterbalance any qualms we may feel as to what the men of other nations do or leave undone.

A Wedding Present.

A WIDOWER in Scotland recently proposed to and was accepted by a widow whose husband had died but a month or two previously.

To celebrate the occasion, he asked the widow's daughter what she would like for a present. She wanted nothing, she said; but being pressed to name something she replied—

"Well, if you want to spend siller, you might put up a heidstane to my father."

Left Lamenting.

AMONGST the inmates of a certain asylum were two who were considered perfectly harmless and not without a certain modicum of common sense. These two were generally employed in the garden, and were frequently left without supervision.

An opportunity offering they planned between themselves an attempt to escape.

"Now, bend down, Tom," said Jack, as the two conspirators came to the wall surrounding the grounds, "then I'll climb up your shoulder to the top, and when I'm up I'll be able to give you a hand."

Tom accordingly bent down, and Jack, with a little difficulty, managed to gain the top of the wall, where instead of assisting his friend, he disappeared on the other side, and, as he was making off, shouted:

"Well, I think, Jack, you'll be better to stay on another fortnight yet, you're not nearly cured."

Not Always the Food.

SOME years ago a murder was committed in Paris which showed the wonders the analyst can work in discovering when death has been brought about by poisons. Dr. de la Pommereuse insured the life of a lady named Pauw for £22,000, and shortly afterwards she died suddenly. No trace of poison could be found in the body, and it was contended that she died from the effect of ptomaines taken in food. Some of the food, however, had fallen on the floor, and the analyst had here a basis for inquiry. He scraped some of the wood, made a decoction of it, and tested it. It answered to the test for digitalin. He then gave some of the brew to a couple of mice, and some digitalin to a couple more. All four died with precisely the same symptoms.

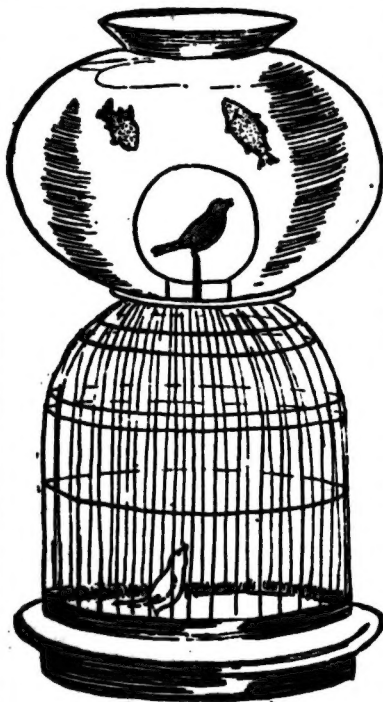
Inquiries showed that the doctor had recently bought some digitalin, and, on this evidence, he was hanged.

The Lamson trial of twenty-five years ago was of the same kind. A doctor visited his crippled nephew at a boarding school, and, in the presence of one of the masters, put some sugar into a little capsule and gave it to the boy. He pretended to be merely showing him how to take bad-tasting medicines, but the boy died with the symptoms of ptomaine poisoning. Analysis, however, discovered aconitine in the stomach, and the doctor was found guilty of murder.

But innocent people have been saved too. Some time ago a woman was suspected of poisoning her husband. His body was exhumed, and a substance like morphia was found in it. She would probably have been hanged if the analyst had not found that it was not morphia at all, but a ptomaine which the man had taken in his food at dinner.

An Aquarium Novelty.

HERE is a novelty—both pretty and uncommon—



which would be very suitable for a conservatory. On first looking at the globe one would think that the bird on the perch was in the water, but closer inspection shows a glass bulb on the inside which is connected with the top of the cage. The sound of the bird's singing coming—as it were—from the water, is distinctly odd. The fish do not appear to like the bird at such close quarters, and frequently try to disturb its song, doing their best to knock it off the perch by dashing themselves against the side of the bulb.

BANGS THAT HAVE SHAKEN CREATION.

ONE OF THEM LET LOOSE ALL THE BIRDS AT THE ZOO,
AND ANOTHER DISCOVERED LYDDITE.

THE fearful explosions at the Pleasant Valley coal mines and Pretoria Arsenal, following so closely upon that at the Johannesburg shell factory, add two more to the terrible list of casualties which are apparently the inevitable accompaniment of man's dabbling with high explosives.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century two of the most destructive explosions on record took place—at Leyden and the Indian fortress of Hattrass, respectively. In the former case, a vessel which, on January 12th, 1807, was proceeding from Delft to Utrecht, via the Rappenburg Canal, suddenly burst asunder with all the force engendered by its huge cargo of 250 barrels of gunpowder.

In the result 300 people were killed and 2,000 wounded, whilst 200 houses were blown to pieces and 800 others seriously damaged. The crash of the explosion was heard over a radius of fifty miles.

The Hattrass explosion was due to a British shell, which fell into the 320,000lbs. of powder contained in the magazine of the Rajah Dyaram Jacoor, whose fortress was being besieged (in 1817) by a British force. So terrific was the force of the explosion that all subsequent attempts to enumerate the probable numbers of the victims proved unavailing.

One of the most fearful explosions ever witnessed in London occurred in, of all places, Regent's Park. On the 2nd of October, 1874, five barges were proceeding under the Macclesfield Bridge, which crossed the Regent's Canal close to the Zoological Gardens, in tow of a steam tug. One boat contained twenty-four barrels of gunpowder, another had as much as five tons, whilst the remainder were loaded with benzoline, naphtha, and petroleum. Altogether it was about as dangerous a cargo as could well be crowded into the space.

Happily for the surrounding inhabitants, the boats were travelling, according to custom, at night time, the actual hour being about 3 a.m. Suddenly, the naphtha on board the middle lighter, the *Tilbury*, seemed to ignite, for a bluish-coloured flame shot up from the hatchway, almost knocking the steersman overboard. Nevertheless, he immediately signalled to the tug-boat to proceed, having apparently satisfied himself that the occurrence was merely a harmless flash in the pan.

A moment later, he and his two companions were scattered to the four winds of heaven. So, too, were the bridge under which they were passing, the canal banks, the reptile house of the Zoological Gardens, and the roof of its western aviary. Indeed, for several weeks afterwards, birds of all colours and climes which had escaped through the broken roof, were found in the neighbourhood.

To another gigantic explosion—that which occurred on Jubilee Day, 1887, at the Manchester Chemical Works of Messrs. Roberts, Dale, and Co.—we owe the discovery of the fearfully explosive energy of picric acid, which is the principal constituent of the now world-famous lyddite. For many years picric acid had been used as a brilliant yellow dye-stuff for wool and silk dyeing. It is prepared by the cautious admixture of nitric acid with crystallised carbolic acid, or with a mixture of carbolic and sulphuric acid; but for upwards of a century no suspicion of its real potency seems to have entered the minds of its makers.

On Jubilee Day, 1887, however, a fire broke out in Messrs. Roberts's works, close to the picric acid drying stove. The result was a slight explosion, which many folks imagined to be the report of a Jubilee cannon in the Pomona Gardens close by. A minute later, however, ensued that historic explosion which has since completely revolutionised modern shell fire, for the constituents of picric acid were accidentally blended in the fire which ensued.

Even more terrible was the celebrated Antwerp explosion of September 6th, 1889. The scene of the explosion was a factory for the breaking up of old cartridges. The proprietor, M. Corvillain, had with characteristic foresight, planted his business close to some petroleum works. As a consequence of this action, his stock of explosives had just been restricted by the Municipal Authorities to not more than 600 pounds of gunpowder at any one time.

With characteristic Flemish pig-headedness, the worthy proprietor immediately laid in a stock of six tons of gunpowder, or about twenty times his authorised stock. Eventually this huge mass exploded, carrying with it millions of cartridges, which it rained after the manner of a gigantic shrapnel, upon all and sundry. The immediate result was a fearful conflagration in the adjoining petroleum works, in which upwards of 55,000 gallons of oil were burned.

Finally, Johannesburg itself had a very similar visitation only four years ago. On February 19th, 1896, a train, containing fifty-five tons of blasting gelatine and a huge quantity of detonators, suddenly exploded with terrific violence close to Johannesburg Station. Over fifty poor creatures lost their lives in this ghastly accident, due primarily to the oversight of a signalman; and over 600 people were rendered homeless, whilst the value of the damage was computed to be at least £1,000,000.

A Western American pest is the Jack rabbit. The only remedy is ruthless extermination. A striking account of great hunts, in which thousands of rabbits are killed, appears in the June PEARSON'S, illustrated with marvellous photographs.

THE MAN WHO MADE "MR. BOWSER."

THE FUNNY HABITS OF THE FAMOUS YANKEE
HUMOURIST.

MR. CHARLES B. LEWIS, who signs himself "M. Quad," and who is the creator of "Mr. and Mrs. Bowser," whose adventures are now running in **SHORT STORIES**, was formerly a printer by trade, working in a country town not far from Detroit, U.S.A.

One day he got a letter asking him to go to some place south and set up type on a paper there. He went by steamer, and the vessel blew up.

Mr. Lewis was laid up for some time, but on arriving at his new place of employment he set up an account of the accident, in which pathos, humour, and picturesqueness were happily combined, and signed it "M. Quad."

An "em quad" is a bit of metal of a certain size used by printers in "spacing out" a short line, and Lewis signed as he did, so that printers who read his effort should know it was the production of a fellow craftsman.

The owner of the paper had sense enough to print the sketch, and it was copied far and wide. Mr. Quinby, of the **DETROIT FREE PRESS**, was amongst those who gave it circulation. He also wrote to Lewis and asked him to join the editorial staff of the paper.

Lewis didn't answer the letter, but hastened to Detroit. On the evening after his arrival a rather queer-looking man lounged into the office, and laid a roll of pencil-written manuscript on the City editor's desk.

"Account of a dog-fight I saw to-day," said the stranger, and lounged out.

The City editor read the manuscript, and as he read he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. When Mr. Quinby read it in the paper next day, he sent for the City editor.

"I made a find last week," said Mr. Quinby, "in a man who wrote up a steamer explosion for a country paper, and I sent for him, but he hasn't come. I guess you've made another find in the man who wrote that dog-fight story. Who is he?"

"Haven't the least idea," said the City editor. "Stranger came in last night, left it on my desk, and walked out."

"Send him to me when he comes in again," said Mr. Quinby.

Next night the stranger appeared with another story. "Mr. Quinby wants to see you," said the City editor.

"Oh, yes," said the stranger. "Had a letter from Quinby, and he hired me to write for the paper, but I've never seen him yet. Hope he liked what I wrote."

That was how M. Quad and Mr. Quinby met the first time. Next day a room and a desk were provided for Quad, and for years he was the original and only **DETROIT FREE PRESS** man.

While on the **FREE PRESS**, Quad acted as Detroit correspondent for a big New York paper, and the things he telegraphed to it were marvels. Each had a basis of fact, as a rule, but the "filling" was mainly fiction.

Not often was one of his dispatches less than two columns long, and the telegraph rates made them pretty expensive to the New York paper, but they were eagerly accepted and printed, and more would have been taken readily could he have furnished them, for they raised the circulation and caused the paper to be copied wherever the English language was read.

One of the most remarkable of these specials appeared the day after a great railway accident in America. The special told the personal experiences of an old man and his wife who had survived the catastrophe and had been interviewed in Detroit, on their way home, by the correspondent.

The story was nothing less than a human document. It related the sensations of the couple as they went down with the bridge, of their terror as they disappeared under the ice in the frigid waters of the creek, of their struggle to the surface, of the burning carriages and the dual peril—fire and water—that threatened all hands, of their ultimate rescue, of the scenes about the wreck, and of the kindness of strangers to them.

No other paper had half so absorbing a story of the wreck, and the correspondents of all the other papers got into trouble with their managing editors for missing the old couple.

There was one point about the story that none of the fault-finding editors knew of, however—there wasn't a grain of fact in the whole thing, the old couple and their thrilling experiences being creations of Quad's imagination.

Mr. Lewis used to spend less time at the office than any other man on the paper. Each member of the staff had a room to himself so that he could work in perfect seclusion if he wished.

M. Quad could not bear to have anyone near him when he was working, and accordingly did not turn up at the office until most members of the staff had gone out to lunch, and so soon as they returned he would take his departure.

Although so erratic in his work, Mr. Lewis turns out a stupendous quantity of fiction, mostly humorous, and his stories are as keenly appreciated by British readers as by his fellow countrymen.

Temptation.

A GENTLEMAN was walking down one of the principal London streets when he saw a boy place a large apple on some steps and then retire some distance away. The gentleman went up to him and said:

"My boy, do you know that you are doing very wrong in placing that apple on those steps? Some poor boy might be tempted to steal it."

"That's what I want him to do," said Tommy.

"Why?" asked the gentleman.

"Why," said Tommy, "I've hollowed the inside out and filled it full of mustard."

Juvenile Cheek.

A FEW weeks ago two well-dressed little children—a boy and a girl—went hand in hand into a shop. When the proprietor inquired what they wanted the little boy said:

"Oh, if you please, we have just dropped a ha'penny down your grating outside. Will you get it for us?"

The proprietor explained to them that he could not get at the grating, and that they must go round into the next street, into the shop underneath his, and ask there for the ha'penny. Then the boy said:

"Oh! but we do not want to go so far as that!"

The distance was barely a minute's walk.

The proprietor told him that he was afraid he must if he wanted his ha'penny.

Then the little girl, who had hitherto been silent, looked up and said:

"Well, couldn't you give us another ha'penny, and then go round to that shop and get the other for yourself?"

A Painful Memory.

A LADY once took her five-year old son to a photographer to have his portrait taken.

She was anxious to secure a good likeness at this particular sitting because she wished to distribute the portrait among some friends who were then her guests.

The child's idea of the affair, however, did not, apparently, harmonise with that of his mother, for when the man with the camera began to adjust the lens and direct it towards little Edward he set up what was unquestionably a howl.

In vain did the mother call into use all her arts of persuasion. Edward did not want his photograph taken.

"Why, my child," she said soothingly, "the gentleman won't hurt you. Just smile and keep still a moment, and it will be all over before you know it."

"Yes, I know, mamma," whimpered the youth, with the tears running down his cheeks, "but that's what you told me at the dentist's."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

As stated in the conditions, the Editor reserves the right to close the Competition at one day's notice. As it is obviously impossible for us to tell when the British flag will be hoisted in Pretoria, and as we desire to give the readers as long a time as possible to send their attempts, we cannot name here the exact day of closing. This day will, therefore, be announced in the columns of the "DAILY EXPRESS," and all Coupons sent in after that date—no matter if they appear in a copy of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY," which you did not get until after that date—will be disqualified. Therefore, send in your Coupons at once. For all we know, the closing day may be to-morrow.

£250 Will be given to the Reader of **PEARSON'S WEEKLY** from whom we receive a coupon in which is written the **EXACT DAY** upon which the British flag will be officially hoisted in Pretoria.

All You Have to Do.

Fill in the accompanying coupon. Send it in to us as soon as you like. Send as many coupons as you like.

If two competitors name the exact day the money will go to the one who gives the correct hour of that day. If two or more give the correct day and hour the £250 in full will go to him whose coupon we received bearing the earliest date of sending in. Pretoria time, which is about one hour and three quarters in advance of English time, must be stated. We shall take it that competitors mean the year 1900, unless they state otherwise.

The Editor's decision must be final, and competitors must only enter on that understanding. The Editor reserves the right to close this competition at a day's notice.

Address all envelopes to "War Editor," Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

This notice and coupon also appear every week in the **ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS**, **HOME NOTES**, **SHORT STORIES**, **SUNDAY READER**, and the **BIG BUDGET**.

Pretoria Coupon, P.W.]

June 9, 1900.

Name.....

Address.....

Day..... Hour.....

(Pretoria Time.)

We shall take it that competitors mean the year 1900 unless they state otherwise.

ARE OUR OFFICERS TOO HUMANE?

THE AMERICAN MILITARY AUTHORITIES THINK SO.

IN this article it is not intended to cast any reflection at all upon the pluck and daring of Tommy Atkins of to-day; but there are some facts which one cannot get away from, and as it is impossible for everyone to come into contact with these facts without their publication, it is equally impossible for the average man to form an unbiased opinion on the subject under discussion.

To begin with, we will assume that, all things equal, the British fighting man of to-day enjoys the same amount of indomitable pluck and daring which characterized his forbears who were responsible for beating the French and Russians on practically every occasion in which they came into contact.

The circumstances under which these old-time battles were fought essentially differed widely from those in which Tommy Atkins to-day is fighting in South Africa. In the Crimea, for example, the English soldier was taken from his more or less comfortable barracks in England, carried on a small, dirty ship to the scene of battle, and dumped down on the scene—ill clad, half starved, and a victim to the rigour of a Russian winter.

To-day he is taken from comfortable quarters, placed on a well-ventilated, clean transport, fed on rations as good as most working men can afford, landed at the base with the shouts and cheers of thousands of well-comers ringing in his ears; taken up to the front, and petted and pampered by the folks at home, who send him out everything he needs, from pipe and tobacco to warm sleeping caps. Now mark the difference and the result of that difference.

In the one case, the dogged perseverance of the soldier, ill-clad and half-starved, results in his steadily plugging ahead; and, when he has suffered defeat, or is driven back, he reforms and attacks again. In the other case, he may be dogged and persevering, but no sooner are a few men killed, than the order comes to retire, not to reform and renew the conflict, but to seek a place of safety far from the enemy, to rest and recuperate for some days or weeks before again trying conclusions with the foe.

The British soldier of the old days never acknowledged that he was beaten until something like from ten to fifteen per cent. on his side were killed and wounded, and even with that loss he frequently snatched victory from the enemy.

General Methuen's losses in killed and wounded at Magerfontein aggregated only to seven and a half per cent., then he retired.

Buller's losses at Colenso amounted to about five per cent., and he then thought fit to withdraw.

At Nicholson's Nek 95 men were killed and wounded; then the whole 2,000 surrendered. True, they had run short of ammunition, but with relief within a reasonable distance it is maintained that had they been Peninsular or Crimean soldiers, they would have held on doggedly for days instead of surrendering after hours; they would have died rather than suffered the ignominy of giving up their arms to the enemy.

Now, the advancing or retiring, fighting or surrendering, rests practically entirely with the officers in command. It is not suggested for a moment that these officers are less plucky than those who have fought England's battles in the past; but certainly, as a result of our state of civilisation to-day, they are imbued with keener sense of humanity, and the sight of their men falling in dozens arouses their sympathy and incites them to save further bloodshed by ordering a retirement.

It will thus be seen that their sense of humanity outweighs their military ardour, which, of course, is an excellent thing from the point of view of the men, and of those at home who are most dear to them; but, although in the case of this war, the result of frequent retirements and wholesale surrenders has not been ultimately disastrous to British arms, this has been more owing to good fortune than to good management. So recently as the American Civil War the fighting on both sides was more dogged, and the losses infinitely greater in proportion than in this war of ours.

Out of the fifty battles in the Civil War, the average losses were about 16 per cent. on the Union and 18 per cent. on the Confederate side, and, on armies corresponding in size to those in South Africa, not far from 20 per cent. On the basis of the reports of the numbers engaged, it is calculated that Generals Gatacre, Methuen, and Buller lost in their several engagements less than 1 per cent. in their killed, and 8 per cent. in their killed and wounded.

Is it surprising, therefore, that the American Army journals should ridicule the manner in which we have retired after so small a loss, or should accuse us of "faint-heartedness and a tendency to quick demoralisation, which needs to be explained away in order to entitle British troops to the credit of disciplined steadiness, and of exhausting the possibilities of fighting, as measured by the standard of past wars?"

It is this constant retiring and surrendering which has made the war so long and tedious. Had our troops forged ahead despite the low percentage of casualties, the result would have been complete demoralisation of the Boers, and possibly much more rapid progress towards Pretoria.

If you have not yet read any of the "Tribulations of Mr. Bowser," you should certainly buy a copy of **SHORT STORIES**, where they are now appearing, at once.

THE INVADERS.

A STORY OF BRITAIN'S PERIL.

By Louis Tracy.

Author of "The Final War," "An American Emperor," etc.

HOW THE YORKSHIREMEN FOUGHT AT CHESTERFIELD.

A HYMN ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

AN INFERNO AT DELAGOA BAY.

SUMMARY.

The story opens with a farewell scene between Captain Robert Hamilton and Major Forster at Euston Station, the latter journeying to Liverpool, en route for the war in South Africa.

Arriving at Liverpool, Major Forster finds everybody in a state of terror and confusion, and learns that the city has fallen into the hands of an unknown enemy.

London is startled by the announcement that the French and German Ambassadors have demanded, and received, the passports. The Royal Marines, with the Militia and Volunteers, are called up to save the country.

The Duke of Connaught cables from Ireland that he wishes to command—or at least accompany—the expeditionary forces, and this request is acceded to.

A battle takes place between the land forces at Manchester, where, after many exciting incidents, the enemy is repulsed.

After the battle, the Commanders of the Allied Forces hold a consultation, which Major Forster, who has obtained the uniform and papers of a German soldier and joined the Allies to spy on their movements, overhears.

When it is dark, Major Forster leaves the camp, and, with Tom Pratt's assistance, obtains the dossier in the French commander's possession.

A naval action takes place between some British ships and a portion of the French fleet off Gibraltar, in which the British are beaten, being hopelessly outnumbered.

America comes to the help of England by sending over food supplies under the escort of Admiral Dewey and five U.S. men-of-war.

Dr. Leyds is kidnapped at Boulogne by three Englishmen, who take him over to England in a small boat, and he is imprisoned at Holloway.

The British Forces, under General Brackenbury, are concentrated at Calais, and a fierce battle ensues, in which the Marines greatly distinguish themselves. The Allies, however, are not beaten, and orders are given for another advance on the British.

During the action that ensues the Allies are beaten, and the French general who commands them surrenders unconditionally.

At Chesterfield a detachment of the enemy under the German commander, commence firing upon a detachment of the British troops, with whom is Capt. Robert Hamilton.

CHAPTER XVI. (continued).

COLONEL GODMAN and Captain Hamilton got upon much better terms now that the enemy had rectified what the Commandant believed to be a little mistake on the part of General Thynne and his staff.

"We are in for a nasty business, I think," said Hamilton during a slight lull.

"Yes," said the Colonel, chewing his long moustache and deep in thought. "Another fifteen minutes will see the end of my regiment if help does not arrive."

"It will be a wonderful thing if raw and unsensured troops face such an attack as that now impending," went on the Guardsman.

"They will die to the last man and sell their lives dearly, too," was the other's vehement exclamation, for Colonel Godman had long bottled up his wrath at the implied belief that a volunteer corps required stiffening by regulars before they could stand against a determined assault.

"It certainly looks like it," admitted Bobby, whose admiration was steadily mastering his earlier views when he witnessed the steadfast attitude of officers and men in the small force confronted so unexpectedly with overwhelming odds.

"Looks like it!" cried the Colonel. "Listen to that!"

The incident to which he called attention was one of those rare occurrences that make war sublime. In the Beeth detachment of the Richmond company was a tall, bearded man, with the solemn eyes and attenuated features of a local preacher—a lanky, gaunt figure that ill accorded with the smart uniform of the old 19th.

In his youth this man had been a soldier. Yielding to a sudden impulse—the immediate result of a revivalist meeting held in the Wesleyan Methodist chapel he attended—he quitted the army and became a peripatetic apostle, devoting his days and nights, and the whole force of a crude but intensely religious personality, to evangelistic work.

The Yorkshire dales which provided the scene of his untutored efforts are a stronghold of dissent. Most of the men in the regiment belong to one or other of the great Methodist divisions, and his quaint harangues and qualiter methods of enforcing Gospel truths were familiar to nearly all of them.

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Only an intense conviction that he was fighting the battle of the Lord could have brought such a man back to the ranks. Yet, when the regiment was embodied, he was among the first to enroll among the recruits, and here he was, in the midst of the fighting line, firing with much zeal and no little skill.

The pause in the enemy's operations was merely the result of a movement to strengthen their front. This was effected while the nearest assailants were 700 yards distant. At once the advance was resumed, and the rifles forthwith joined the guns in pouring a more fearful fusillade into all parts of the British trenches.

Officers and men, Hamilton with the rest, were compelled to seek any available cover, for it seemed to be impossible for any human being to escape death or injury if he remained standing, and the charges of the mounted officers had long since been sent to the rear, as it was found that they provided an excellent target for the hostile gunners.

The Colonel and Captain Hamilton were crouching in one of the trenches whilst they conversed.

In the full blast of the tornado that sprang up during Colonel Godman's concluding words, the local preacher laid down his rifle, rose to his knees, and took from the breast of his tunic a small black hymn book.

Searching through its pages with practised hand and eye, and sublimely indifferent to the fact that he immediately drew the fire of dozens of the Allies, he shouted in a loud voice, rough but sonorous with long practice:

"Hymn number five hundred and sixty-six!"

Men with blazing eyes and parched throats turned for an instant from the contemplation of the gathering death-cloud in front when this strange order fell on their ears.

An officer shouted angrily—"Lie down there and keep on firing," but the preacher heard him not, and an emphatic sign from the Colonel stopped further interference.

Then the powerful voice rang out, reaching far down the lines on either hand, as it was wont to fill the village street in his Yorkshire home:

"Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast;
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most."

With a sound like the *vox humana* on a great organ, he struck off into the tune. It was familiar to many, it appealed to all, without distinction of creed or class.

Instantly the whole regiment thundered out the verse, and its swelling cadence rose high over the infernal din of rifles and bursting shells, filling the Britons with wild enthusiasm and evoking wonderment among the approaching enemy.

Hardly had the last note died away before the strident tones of the leader were heard again:

"O guard our shores from every foe!
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness."

Once more the Yorkshiremen rendered the refrain in measured volume, whilst the leaden rain beat upon them, and many a poor fellow had the words choked in his throat by a deadly bullet or more fearful fragment of shell.

Even as the Allies gathered strength and nerve for the final rush, came the third verse:

"Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee,
Nor let our hills and valleys cease
Their songs of liberty."

When the lines were sung the men listened for the fourth and concluding stanza. But it came not. The strong voice and fervent heart were stilled for ever, and those who were present marvelled afterwards that this true child of the Covenanters had accomplished even so much of his self-imposed task.

Never did man pass into the Valley of the Shadow more gloriously. By the manner of his death he ennobled his life, for he died with his face to the foe, declaring with his latest breath the faith that was in him.

Had he been spared he could not have ended the hymn. The supreme moment had arrived. Colonel and officers sprang to their feet, and ran rapidly up and down the line telling the men to fix bayonets and then continue firing.

The hostile artillery had ceased, and a mob of khaki-clad soldiers were now running up a gentle slope towards the position.

"Steady, my lads," roared the Colonel. "Don't empty your magazines. Take aim! Take aim!"

Hamilton heard him with some surprise. The recognised method of stopping a rush is to pour in a withering magazine fire. But one man hit is a more potent object lesson than twenty men missed, and Colonel Godman's energetic advice quickly bore fruit.

The losses of the foe in the last stage of the advance were appalling. Every few yards they were decimated, and the pasture-land in front of the British position was simply covered with motionless or writhing bodies.

Still they came on, desperate and fearless though terribly stricken, for was not the leading regiment composed of men from the Prussian Garde Corps, fighting under the eyes of the Commander-in-Chief himself?

Nearer and nearer they panted. Fifty yards, thirty, twenty from the trenches. A few German officers were shot down in the act of mounting the small mound of earth thrown up in front of the ditch, when, at a sign from Colonel Godman, a boy bugler, who had been crouching behind a rock, sprang upright and put the whole of his lung power into the notes of the "Charge."

Up rose the regiment, and over the line of trenches, officers leading, and everyone yelling at the top of his voice.

It only seemed a moment before the bugle sounded the "Halt!" and the corps, fewer in number but frantic with delight, were seeking cover from the renewed artillery fire.

The attack had failed. Von Meissenhofen must try again.

Captain Hamilton had a vague recollection of shooting a man who was about to stab one of the volunteers whilst the latter was engaged with an alert assailant.

But the happenings of a dramatic rush like this leave impressions more transient than the shimmering glimpses of life action given by the biograph.

The affair had quite slipped Bobby's memory, and he was wondering how on earth his tunic came to have so many cuts in it, when a soldier, whom he recognised as the sarcastic quarryman of an hour ago, turned towards him and said:

"You did me a good turn that time, sir. I should have been a stuck pig if it wasn't for you."

The Guardsman smiled. Events had altered his estimate of the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Yorkshire Regiment.

"You were the man, eh?" he cried. "So the peacock is a useful bird occasionally, you think?"

"He's a bird of quite another colour now, sir," laughed the quarryman, and there was some ready wit in the remark, for Bobby's raiment had not been improved in appearance either by the hand to hand fight or the showers of earth thrown up by the preceding cannonade.

Before the attack could be renewed the Yorkshiremen were cheered by the return of the militia battalion they had relieved earlier in the day, whilst news arrived of strong reinforcements with artillery coming up rapidly from the railway in the rear.

"I think I had better go and report progress at headquarters," said Hamilton to Colonel Godman on receiving this welcome intelligence.

"Yes. The position is safe enough, to all appearance," was the commandant's quiet reply.

"Safe enough! I feel certain that your splendid regiment would have held it against several such attacks. They fought like—well, I cannot say more—they fought like the Guards. Good-bye, sir, and good luck!"

Bobby saluted, climbed into the saddle, and was off. He met General Thynne at a point much nearer to the scene of conflict than he had anticipated, but he was able to give his chief such a vivid account of the affair that when the General reached the front he knew exactly what to say to Colonel Godman, and he said it, not only on the field but in his dispatches.

Von Meissenhofen was far too skilful a leader to flitter away his leading division in a series of minor attacks against a position which had betrayed such unexpected powers of resistance.

He waited to collect some 15,000 men before delivering another blow. To bring about this concentration required nearly four hours, notwithstanding the extreme mobility of his army, which, for offensive purposes, was practically a mounted force.

It is difficult for the non-military reader to understand why, given two large bodies of troops in the field, they do not "get at" one another more speedily than is the case in modern warfare.

To explain in detail the considerations which govern methods of attack and defence created by the long-range rifle would require a good-sized volume, and this would, in all human probability, be followed by several other volumes proving conclusively that the original work was wrong in every theory it enunciated.

Yet there are certain main principles which may be regarded as fixed.

First, the general characteristics of the country in which the engagement is fought are all important. A battle among kopjes or on the veld between the same troops differs in all its essential features.

Again, taking the hilly districts and wheat-growing plains of England as the broad equivalents of one or other of the main elements of African scenery, there are vital distinctions set up by the presence of hedges, woods, water-courses, inclosed roads, wire fences, stone walls and houses—all of which abound in Britain, but are so rare in the Transvaal and Natal as to hardly affect the manoeuvres of opposing forces, save when a road or a river becomes the very essence of the struggle.

Von Meissenhofen had struck at what he rightly conceived to be the weakest point of the British lines. But it was left almost unguarded because naturally strong, and when it became necessary to use a much larger force than he had originally intended his difficulties increased out of all proportion.

It was quite impossible to launch 15,000 men into action simultaneously. To get a good fire zone for his artillery the guns had to be pushed dangerously close to infantry fire—at all times more destructive than shells.

To employ cavalry in their proper rôle, namely, as mounted men armed with lance or sword and capable of delivering demoralising charges against other cavalry or scattered infantry, was out of the question among these steep hills and winding valleys.

Another curious example of the difference between operations in open and inclosed country was afforded by the fact that here infantry, well handled, were able to get to such close ranges with their adversaries as would be utterly unattainable in face of modern rifle-fire in most parts of the world, save amidst the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics.

There was great difficulty, too, in maintaining proper communication between the Commander-in-Chief and the various brigades once they were launched against the enemy. Roads in the rear were often hopelessly blocked by troops and guns, and not all staff officers are capable of taking a line across country, even if they are sufficiently well mounted.

Finally, the mobility of the Allies was more than counter-balanced by the railway behind the British lines, which was handled with such conspicuous ability by the stationmaster at Chesterfield, acting under the directions of the Chief of the Staff, that he was subsequently given a decoration by Her Majesty.

Von Meissenhofen decided to deliver a frontal attack at two o'clock, and when his infantry closed with the British, as they might be trusted to do, no matter what the ultimate result, he would strike home with a body of cavalry, 2,000 strong, along the road from Moor Hall, in the hope that the double movement, neither part of which should be a feint, would accomplish his purpose.

Banish care by reading "The Treble X-Rays," by that wittiest of writers, Mr. Barry Pain, in the June PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. Nothing funnier has been written for years past.

The delay was of the utmost value to General Thynne. It enabled him to post his troops in the most advantageous positions and to extend the entrenchments along a lengthened front.

The 116th Battery of Royal Field Artillery—one of the batteries newly created since the outbreak of the war—was very anxious to distinguish itself in a signal manner, and the opportunity came now.

A steep hill, inaccessible for guns under the ordinary conditions, commanded the whole of the enemy's right, and, as it fortunately happened, a large portion of the Moor Hall Road.

A huge quarry had been scooped out of the hill side, and on top of the cliff was a crane used for lowering blocks of stone to the carts beneath.

A thought occurred to the major in command of the 116th. He climbed up the hill, surveyed the country on the other side with his glasses, and then sent an orderly to the British commander with a request.

His idea was to hoist the guns and ammunition to the crest, utilise a convenient hollow to mask his battery, and rake the enemy's lines from this commanding position.

He was told to act as he thought best. Working with a will, and aided by some quarrymen from the Yorkshires who offered their assistance, the gunners soon had their weapons perched on top of this precipitous crag.

Thus, a happy thought, aided by prompt execution, enabled the battery to render a service the full measure of which could only be estimated when General Thynne and his staff subsequently visited the scene of the cavalry advance.

The General thought that Colonel Godman and his battalion had done quite sufficient for one day's work, so he retired them to the road, where he did not expect more than a desultory attempt at a flank attack.

He stationed with them the 5th Volunteer Battalion of the Black Watch, the Perthshire Highlanders, a corps which had reached Chesterfield by rail at noon, and was at once utilised to avoid further weakening of the lines in front of the town itself, where a separate attack might be delivered at any moment.

But the honours of the day were fated to remain with the North Country.

Whilst the struggle in the old locality was severe enough to satisfy the most fire-eating appetite, the real crux of the engagement revealed itself in the cavalry attack.

The French officer in command, quickly recognising that to carry an infantry position by mounted troops in such a terrain would mean certain defeat, dismounted three-quarters of his force in order to rush the place on orthodox lines.

It was at the precise moment he adopted this resolve that the 116th Battery caught sight of him, and forthwith gave his brigade such a mauling with common shell that the road and neighbouring fields were soon covered with dead horses.

The Yorkshiresmen and Highlanders completed the disaster when the Allies came to close quarters, and by four o'clock the two attacks were completely repulsed.

Von Meissenhofen, like de Boyat, was straining his ears for sounds which came not—the rattle of small-arms and artillery in the rear of the British lines.

At last, slowly and sullenly, the Allies withdrew to their fastness at the foot of the Peak, and General Thynne sat down at a table in a farm-house to indite a short telegraphic dispatch to the War Office announcing a complete and definite victory for the British arms.

Even whilst he wrote, de Boyat was tendering his sword to Sir Henry Brackenbury, and the messages from both officers were communicated by Mr. Wyndham to a jubilant House of Commons shortly after six o'clock.

Taken together, the battles of Calistot and Chesterfield—grouping all the actions fought near the latter town under one generic term—supplied not only the most sustained and terrible land engagements fought thus far, but gave ample proof that the citizen soldiers of Great Britain were more than a match for the much vaunted infantry of Germany and France.

All through the night General Thynne's small force of regular cavalry and yeomanry harried the invaders' retreat, pressing closely on their heels and cutting off isolated detachments when the enemy's guns could no longer protect them owing to the darkness.

Not until the sun rose on Thursday morning did the last carbine-shot ring out from the pursuers, or the last volley from a rallied company of Allies check a further British advance.

Thus did the jaws of the steel trap close on the Army of Occupation, not yet near enough to rend it to shreds, but grim and menacing, and full of dark portent for the future.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME NAVAL MANOEUVRES, AND THEIR OUTCOME.

EVENTS on land have been so dramatic, so far-reaching in consequence, and so sensational in their rapid sequence, that, beyond brief reference, little heed has yet been paid to the movements of the Allies' fleets and their British pursuers in South African waters.

It will be remembered that nearly thirty vessels from the Mediterranean Fleet, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir John Fisher, K.C.B., eleven ships from the Channel Squadron, and eight ships selected from the Particular Service Squadron, had set forth from Gibraltar in hot pursuit of the flotilla destined by the Allies for the relief of the Boers.

Precisely similar causes served to retard the movements of both fleets. The French and German war-ships were compelled to measure their speed at the rate of progression of their slowest vessels, and these were battle-ships or transports.

Similarly, the British Admiral dared not separate his forces save in so far as to send ahead a few fast cruisers for scouting purposes.

Not much attention was paid to the possibility of forcing

a general action on the high seas. Not only had the Allies got a good start, but also their object was so obvious that Admiral Fisher deemed it his duty to make for Cape Town with the utmost haste compatible with keeping the whole of his command together.

On reaching this port he ascertained beyond doubt that there was no intention on the part of the enemy to bombard the place and effect a landing there. Whilst re-coaling his ships, he learnt from his scouts that the enemy had obtained supplies of coal from colliers stationed in mid-ocean at a point about 35 degrees south latitude and 10 degrees east longitude.

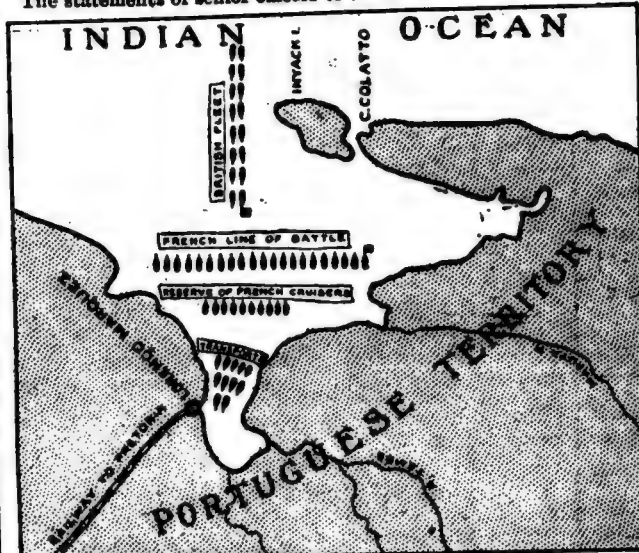
Their subsequent movements also revealed an intention to double the Cape of Good Hope. Forthwith the British squadrons again took up the long chase, in the belief that Durban might be the locality selected for the hostile incursion. But no! This time the scouts discovered that the enemy were heading to the north-east.

Then did Admiral Fisher, no less than the military authorities at Cape Town and Durban, heave a sigh of content.

Lord Roberts, in a subsequent dispatch, succinctly expressed the views held by most critics at the conclusion of the campaign when he said:

"Had the enemy made use of their tremendous powers for bombardment at either Cape Town or Durban, and effected a landing after a fierce cannonade to which we had no adequate means of replying, it is probable that they would have struck a serious, if not absolutely fatal, blow at our position in South Africa. They would have destroyed one, or both, of our great military bases. They would unquestionably have supplied the spark necessary to kindle a retellious conflagration in Cape Colony and Natal. They would have given a definite rallying-point for all the elements of disaffection and disloyalty which even our military occupation of the country had found it difficult to keep under control, and, as a natural corollary, Her Majesty's Forces in South Africa would have been cut off from the sea."

The statements of senior officers of the Allies' fleets, and



Relative positions of British and Allied fleets before the Battle of Delagoa Bay.

the subsequent evidence supplied by captured documents showed that these vital considerations were not lost sight of in the councils of the Allies.

Indeed, the question was seriously debated whether Durban, or Port Elizabeth at least, should not be occupied and some portion of the troops in the transports landed. But the instructions carried by the Admiral-in-Chief were so definite that he dared not depart from them.

His orders were to make for Delagoa Bay with all possible speed, to disembark the troops there, with or without the consent of the Portuguese authorities, and, by utilising the railway via Lorenzo Marques, to join his forces to those of the Transvaal with the utmost celerity.

It came to pass, therefore, that, on March 30th, the vast flotilla of war-ships and transports steamed into Delagoa Bay with the British squadrons close upon their heels.

The French and German fighting ships numbered forty-eight all told. The vessels under the command of Sir John Fisher numbered forty-nine. But the apparent slight superiority of the British fleet was somewhat discounted by the fact that a good many second-class cruisers and gunboats were included in the total, whilst the forty-eight Allies' vessels were composed exclusively of battle-ships and first-class cruisers.

Nevertheless, such is the confidence of the British sailor, that Admiral Fisher's thoughts were from the outset directed, not so much towards the destruction of his armed opponents—a matter which he regarded as already a foregone conclusion—but to the prevention, at all hazards, of the Allies' transports, effecting a landing for any considerable portion of their troops, guns, or munitions of war.

The fight which now took place was the first of its kind in the history of the world.

Never before had two great fleets, replete with all the accessories of modern naval warfare, faced each other under such conditions. The actions already fought on the North Sea were between small squadrons and necessarily on a limited scale. But on that eventful day was to be settled for ever the question whether or not Britain was to remain the Mistress of the Seas.

It was soon after 10 A.M. that the opposing fleets sighted each other, the distance then dividing them being, roughly speaking, some ten miles.

As it was the paramount duty of the Allies to protect

their transports, now crowding in disorderly flight towards the port, their ships formed up in single line abreast to port, with ten cruisers, as a reserve division, about two miles in the rear.

Sir John Fisher advanced with his fleet in divisions, in line ahead, columns abeam to starboard.

In non-nautical phraseology this means that thirty-eight of the French and German ships stretched across the sea in a long unbroken line, side by side with each other, and separated by intervals of a few cables' length, whereas the British vessels were advancing in pairs, each pair behind the other, whilst the flag-ships from the opposing fleets were so situated that, at the opening stages of the combat, they could watch one another.

This was the order preserved until they were separated by less than five miles.

Sir John Fisher then flew a signal "divisions line abreast to starboard."

The rapid execution of this manoeuvre brought his command into two lines both parallel with the enemies' ships, and apparently heralded his intention to simultaneously engage the whole of the opposing line. He kept on in this formation until the battle opened.

The first shot was fired from the British flag-ship, the *Renown*, a monster of 10,350 tons burden, and reputed to be one of the finest battleships afloat.

At two miles' distance the firing became general, and the French Admiral expected every minute to see the rear line of the British fleet echelon to right and left in order to engage him at both wings. He was somewhat surprised at the delay on the part of his adversary in taking this obvious move.

For some minutes it seemed that the British ships were purposely offering a better target to their opponents, and, at the same time, masking the fire of half their own number. But if he was surprised at this method of attack, his amazement knew no bounds when, in response to signals from the *Renown*, the British fleet went back to its original formation of divisions in line ahead with columns abeam.

With both fleets travelling at high speed, and amidst the din and roar of the big guns now sending their huge projectiles in showers across the sea, it was not easy to fathom the immediate intent of the British Admiral; and so close was the space between the hostile squadrons that not much time was given for re-constituting the French line to meet this wholly unexpected and seemingly suicidal mode of attack.

But Sir John Fisher knew exactly what he was about.

As the *Renown* and her consort the *Majestic* neared the centre of the French line, their fire and that of their immediate successors became concentrated on the four or five vessels directly in their path, the result being that one of their adversaries was sunk by armour-piercing shells, and two became unmanageable, being forthwith rammed by the leading British ships.

It was not, however, until the *Renown* and the *Majestic* had got clear through the Allies' line and kept steadily on their way towards the reserve of cruisers in the rear, that the French commander-in-chief perceived the purpose of the British Admiral in forging his way ahead by means of this gigantic battering-ram of war-ships. It was clear that he intended to steadfastly maintain his course, notwithstanding all opposition, and make his way towards the tumbled group of transports which it was the paramount duty of their fighting escort to protect at all costs.

By the sheer audacity of his manoeuvre Sir John Fisher had now succeeded in getting his vessels through the first line of defence with comparatively slight injury; whilst he had inflicted a very severe loss upon the Allies at the very outset of the engagement.

Further, they became the pursuers in place of the pursued, and the French Admiral could only hope that his reserve of cruisers might delay the British advance for a sufficient time to enable him to gather in his scattered line and bring on a general conflict between the ships.

But with the British force lay this tremendous advantage, that, from the admiral of the flag-ship down to the junior midshipman on the last vessel in the division, there was a definite idea present to the mind of every officer.

What they had to do was to smash their way forward in the teeth of all obstacles, whereas the French and German commanders were compelled to act somewhat on their own initiative in order to combat this relentless purpose as best they might.

Five minutes after the battle had developed itself the usually peaceful bay presented an extraordinary spectacle. To a landsman it would seem as if each one of the hundred ships there was fighting for her life against the whole of the others, and the entire area covered by the conflict became an inextricable medley of twisting, darting vessels without order or cohesion or definite course.

Nevertheless, the British flotilla passed steadily on towards the Allies' reserve and Sir John Fisher was glad at heart to see come to pass that which he had anticipated. The reserve cruisers were unable to take any part in the fight until the leading British ships were actually in their midst, for the fighting close quarters going on during the advance rendered it quite likely that they would hit their friends as often as they hit the British ships if they ventured to fire into the mass of the combatants.

(To be continued.)

JENNIE: "How did you enjoy your trip across the ocean?"

CLARA: "Immensely. Of course, there was nothing to see but sky and water, but the landscape was sublime."

What is the inside of the earth like? This interesting question is fully answered in a remarkable article in the June PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. You will be astounded to learn the true facts.

JOHN BULL BURIED IN FLAGS.

THERE ARE 10,000,000 IN USE TO-DAY—THE BIGGEST NUMBER SINCE THE WORLD WAS MADE.

THE country, including, of course, gallant Ireland, is absolutely buried in flags, those emblems of our Imperial Power. In all the four cardinal points of the compass representing our local Kingdoms, as well as in Canada, Australia, India, and the rest of our colonies little flags, big flags, Union Jacks, royal standards, ensigns, and colonial flags, are flaring and floating with pride and dignity in the breeze, from earth and roof to sky, from cot, mansion, and palace, telling of the Britisher's joy and enthusiasm at the successes which have attended our gallant troops in South Africa.

Talking upon this subject with a prominent London merchant who makes and sells flags, P.W. learnt that the number of flags within these realms at the present time, including the many used for all kinds of indoor decorations, must be little short of ten millions.

Said he: "Our house is the largest in the trade, and we have been making the British flag for close on a century, but never in the history of the firm has there been such a rush for flags as at the present time, dating from the relief of Ladysmith."

"We always had a large stock on hand for immediate delivery, but now, if I wanted only one for myself I should have to wait till one was made. We are working night and day to cope with the orders, wholesale, mind you, which are coming in by every post from all parts of the Queen's dominions."

"The retail price of these range from one halfpenny to as much as £25 sterling apiece."

"A £25 flag—the Union Jack—is a big price, but it is a big flag. It is ten yards long. One of these we sent to Paris a few days ago. It will have a fine airing in the French capital, and will doubtless afford the Parisian food for much reflection. That flag for Paris was made to the order of a patriotic private Britisher."

"All our flags are made at home by British work-people, and so, too, is the material. A great deal of the bunting, which is worsted, is made in Bradford, much of the cotton for cotton flags come from Lancashire, and the silk for silk flags comes from the Midlands. A little silk is imported from the Continent, but not much."

"We find that the two-yard bunting Union Jack is the most popular; but in the matter of size, flags run from a few inches to several yards."

"All sections of the public are flag-flying; but while the man in the street and people residing in our ordinary homes are ordering the Jack, the classes are favouring the royal standard or the white or red ensign."

"The enthusiasm is general in all parts of the country. When the Queen went to Dublin we sent to the Irish capital many thousand flags of all sizes."

"The new Empire flag is becoming very popular. This national emblem is not as yet official, but it deserves to be. It is made in all three materials. The centre is adorned with the head and shoulders of the Queen—black on a white ground. Radiating at various angles from the centre are bars, upon each of which, in white lettering, is inscribed the name of one of our principal colonies."

"Notwithstanding the intense sincerity of the Britisher's enthusiasm, he will persist in a large number of instances to fly the Union Jack bottom side upwards. A glance at the flag will suggest the proper way. The top left hand red diagonal line of St. Patrick's cross should be on the lower part of the white of St. Andrew's cross. That is the right way up."

"The flag arrived at its present stage by degrees. England's original flag was the banner of St. George, white, with a red cross, which on April 12th, 1606, was incorporated with the banner of Scotland when James became king. His flag was a blue one with a white diagonal cross, and it was on its combination with the flag of St. George that the term 'Union Jack' was brought into vogue."

"On January 1st, 1801, Ireland's admittance into the union of Scotland and England meant the incorporation of Erin's flag with the then British flag. The Irish flag was white with a diagonal cross in red, and the three flags are distinctly shown in the current flag."

"The royal standard, by the way, was first hoisted on the tower of London on the morning of January 1st, 1801."

"Reverting once more to the flag boom, the tables in the dining-rooms of the best clubs scattered throughout the country, including nearly all in London, now bear pretty silken standards and Jacks hoisted on two-foot masts with white cords complete. It forms a distinctly pretty table decoration, and inspires patriotism."

"The patterns of all flags for decoration purposes, whether Jacks, standards, or ensigns, are usually stamped or dyed in; they are not woven like carpets. Of course, the colours are fast."

"The largest order we have received from one firm was for 10,000 Jacks of one size."

This order, by-the-way, was from the proprietors of the weekly paper you hold in your hands. Three other firms were also responsible for assisting in making the total of 30,000 which were distributed from these offices on Making Day.

Time Dragged.

LITTLE JOHNNY, having been invited out to dinner with his mother, was commanded not to speak at the table except when he was asked a question, and promised to obey the command.

At the table no attention was paid to Johnnie for a long time. He grew very restless, and his mother could see that he was having a hard time to "hold in."

By-and-by he could stand it no longer. "Mamma," he called out, "when are they going to begin asking me questions?"

Just the Point.

FREDDY does not often have an idea, but when he does he sticks to it tenaciously. For instance, he came out with this conundrum the other day with a glow of self-conscious pride:

"Why is an eagle like a man?"

Everybody gave it up, when Freddy exclaimed with a chuckle:

"Because it is bald-headed."

"But," said somebody, "all eagles are not bald-headed."

"That's just it," responded Freddy; "neither are all men bald-headed."

"You seem so cheerful when you have to move, Mrs. Diggs."

"Yes; such a lot of our ugly wedding presents always get broken."

MOTHER: "It was very cruel of you to cut the poor little worm in two, Molly!"

Molly: "But, mummy, he looked so lonely all by himself, so I just cut him in two for company!"

PEARSON'S FREE FORTNIGHT IN PARIS.

EVERY fortnight we shall pick out some trade or business and give our free trip to that lucky individual who happens to be chosen by our readers as the most popular amongst them. This week's offer is to

HORSE DRIVERS, RAILWAY MEN, And Everyone connected with Transportation.

who are not earning more than four pounds a week. Under this heading are included cab, bus, tram, and cart drivers, and all men employed on railways and ships.

Collect voting papers from your friends, or get them to send them to us on your behalf. If you are a popular person no doubt your friends will, in some cases, send in unknown to you. Therefore do not be afraid to send to us what appears to be an insignificant number of votes. You may vote for yourself, of course.

The person who receives the greatest number of votes will be the winner, even if we only receive half-a-dozen in his favour.

In the case of a tie both will be sent to Paris. The only condition we attach to this offer is that the lucky individual shall send us a report upon his return, saying what his impressions have been, and what he has learnt in his own particular business that he did not know before.

Every other week we shall make this offer to the members of some particular business or industry.

The Pearson Tourist will not be put to one pennyworth of personal expense. We will pay all travelling expenses (second class) from home to home, even from the north of Scotland, or from Land's End. We will also pay all hotel bills.

An interpreter, in whom we have every confidence, will meet each Pearsonite in Paris, and, if necessary, be absolutely at his disposal whenever wanted.

We do not bind the winner to go at any stated time. He can suit his own convenience entirely.

GOOD ADVICE WORTH REMEMBERING.

Don't waste the voting paper appearing to-day. Please see it there is not someone who wants it.

If you want to know anything, send us a reply post-card, and we will give you an answer by return of post.

The Editor's decision must be final. He will admit of no discussion once he has made an award.

Closing Day: Monday, June 18th.

Voting papers should be sent to us at once. Don't forget that. We will advertise every day in the Daily Express the names of the ten persons who head the poll.

Pearson's

FREE FORTNIGHT

In Paris.

TRANSPORTATION. No. 1

I should like to register my vote in favour of

Name.....

Address.....

Fill this coupon in to-day, and post it to us.

Next Week will be the last offer to all associated with Transportation.

"BULLETS."

In Japan are now published three times as many books as in Italy.

At Kimberley the thermometer often reaches 100 degrees in the shade.

NINETY thousand men in the British Army have good-conduct badges.

BEFORE 1840 Englishmen, almost universally, had their faces clean shaven.

BANK of England notes are numbered backwards, that is, from one to 10,000, hence the figures 00,001.

PROJECTILES for modern big and rapid-firing guns require about half their weight in powder to fire them.

FROST has a variety of effects upon different products. Under the same influence eggs will burst, apples contract and potatoes turn black.

THE stairway leading to the tower of the Philadelphia city hall contains 598 steps, and is said to be the longest continuous stairway in the world.

In the fourteenth century armour became so heavy that many soldiers only thirty years old were deformed or permanently disabled by its weight.

THERE is an immense garden in China that embraces an area of 50,000 square miles. It is all meadow land, and is filled with lakes, ponds and canals.

DRIED orange peel, allowed to smoulder on a piece of red-hot iron or an old shovel, will kill any bad odour in existence and leave a fragrant one behind instead.

THERE are in America 150 periodicals published by negroes. They have 250 lawyers and 750 physicians, while there are 300 negro students in the European Universities.

In Buffalo a planer is in operation which at each cut removes a shaving quite twelve inches wide from solid cast iron. The knife is between twelve and thirteen inches wide.

THE sea cucumber, one of the curious jelly bodies that inhabit the ocean, can practically efface itself when in danger by squeezing the water out of his body, and forcing itself into a crack so narrow as not to be visible to the naked eye.

BOHEMIAN geese, which are driven long distances to market, are shod before starting on the journey by being sent repeatedly over patches of tar mixed with sand. This forms a hard crust on the feet, enabling the geese to travel over great distances.

THE healthiest spot in the whole world is Aumone, a French village containing forty people. Twenty-eight of the inhabitants are over eighty years of age, and three have passed a century. There are no graves in the local cemetery, and the oldest inhabitant cannot remember seeing a funeral.

ONE of the fashions established in Paris in recent years is to leave bicycles in pawn for the winter at the Mont de Piété. Experts estimate their value, and those who bring the wheel are obliged to take the sum offered, though most of them would like to take much less with a view to escaping the charges.

THE weights of classes of students before and after examination have been made the subject of recent investigation. In high classes, where naturally the examination was most felt, several pounds were lost, showing how the mental strain was felt. In lower classes the loss was not so great.

AMONG the fineries belonging to Queen Margherita of Italy is a lace handkerchief valued at £6,000. Three lacemakers were twenty years employed in making it; it is almost as light as a cobweb, and occupies such a small space when folded that it can be pressed into a gold sheath about the size of a cherry stone.

A SNOWSTORM started a fire on the premises of a farmer living at Hebuterne, Belgium. He placed a quantity of quicklime near a shed on his farm and left it there all night. In the course of the night snow fell on to the lime, and the heat thus developed became so great that it set the shed on fire, completely destroying it and its contents.

It is a common experience among mountain climbers to find butterflies lying frozen on the snow, and so brittle that they break unless they are very carefully handled. Such frozen butterflies, on being taken to a warmer climate, recover themselves and fly away. Six species of butterflies have been found within a few hundred miles of the North Pole.

THE choir boys of St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, in accordance with ancient custom, have the right to claim five shillings as "spur money" from any military man wearing his spurs in church during service. On a recent Sunday an officer had innocently infringed this regulation, and at the close of the service the boys, to his surprise, demanded the fine.

A MYSTERY with which every sailor is familiar is the formation of dust at sea. Those who are acquainted with sailing-ships know that, no matter how carefully the decks may be washed down in the morning, and how little work of any kind may be done during the day, nevertheless, if the decks are swept at nightfall, an enormous quantity of dust will be collected.

Just a line to remind those who want a bicycle that one may be obtained free of cost by collecting the biggest amount for the Fresh Air Fund before June 26th. Particulars appeared last week, and will appear again shortly.

THE BIRTH OF A TIME-TABLE.

IT IS DONE WITH A BOARD, A NUMBER OF COLOURED STRINGS, AND SOME TIN-TACKS.

To even the most expert business man a railway time-table is something of a mystery, and even those experts who can revel by the hour in obtuse problems of Euclid frequently have to confess themselves beaten when it becomes a question of solving railway connections for a summer holiday by the aid of a time-table. That document has always been an unfathomable secret to the average man, and in spite of board schools and free education, promises to remain so for many years to come.

If the mere consultation of the unnumbered figures of a time-table has such a brain racking effect, what must be the condition of those who are responsible for its compilation?

In an attempt to solve this question P.W. came across several details of railway work of which the public knows nothing, although on its absolute correctness the safety of thousands of lives hang yearly.

In the quest for information Superintendent J. Mallinson, of the L. and N.W. Railway Time-Table Department, was sought out.

As for every passenger train there are five devoted to goods traffic some faint conception of the work may be gathered by the consultation of any time-table. This task is made even harder by the fact that the running time of the trains is made out from two to six months before they come into use, railway officials being deep in the mysteries of arranging for summer traffic, while the rest of England is cooily

TOASTING ITS TOES

over winter fires and recanting Yuletide stories.

In each divisional office of the line there are kept boards measuring five by two and a half feet and marked "Diagram showing the working of trains between — and —." Down each side of the boards, two of which are kept for every section both of the main and branch lines, are the names of the various stations, junctions, and principal sidings, each of which is placed just as far from its neighbour as they are in reality, a variable scale of so many inches to the mile being used.

To further insure this, the distance of each station or junction from the division point, or, in case of the main lines, from London, is marked in miles and chains. The space between the stations is divided by heavy black perpendicular lines in twenty-four divisions, representing the hours from midnight to midnight. Each division is again divided by a lighter line in "quarters," and by fainter lines still into spaces of "five minutes." Horizontal black lines intersect the diagram all the way across.

THE BOARD AT EACH STATION.

Armed with some small tacks and a ball of red string the superintendent selects the train on the section he has the board for, and opposite the name of the station at which it enters his district he places a tack, the precise point being that division of the board that marks the time of the train's arrival. For instance, though none of the diagrams now in use show this section complete, take the 10.25 a.m. train from Euston to Birmingham.

The proper point to insert the tack would be on the horizontal line drawn across the diagram from the word "Euston," and at the fifth perpendicular line after the one marking the hour of 10 a.m. Then the time of arrival at Birmingham would be found—this is easily ascertained by the rate the train would travel at, and the distance, 112 miles, to be covered—and another tack inserted on the Birmingham horizontal line at the fourth division after the one o'clock boundary, or at 1.20 p.m. From the tack at the top of the board (Euston) to the one at Birmingham a piece of red string would be tied.

This, it will be readily seen, would cross the lines marking the intermediate stations, and also the thirty-four perpendicular lines that mark the number of "five minutes" taken by the train in making the journey. A little reflection will show that by observing

THE PIECE OF STRING,

the time (theoretically) at which the train would pass a given point can be readily ascertained. Should it happen that a train has to wait at any station to make a connection, or for any other cause, such as to allow an express or mail train to pass, the string is, by means of tacks, carried along horizontally on the line of the station, it stops at a sufficient number of spaces to mark the delay. At its departure time from that station the string again resumes its journey "down" the diagram.

By the first week in January the rough table is made up, and then a "trains' meeting" of all the district superintendents and others responsible for the working of the trains is held at Crewe, and the new schedule talked over, amended and approved in general.

From then until the middle of April copies of the rough drafts pass to and fro for final alterations until they are as complete as the district officials require. By this time many of the boards are covered with red string amid which can be seen threads of yellow which

signify the "Saturday only," or "Monday and Wednesday only," trains so familiar to the travelling public.

As yet nothing has been done as regards the running time of goods trains save that the estimates of the number required have been made out. By May, the district superintendents start to compile the time-table for these trains. This is done on the diagram by means of blue string, but as goods trains must "clear" for passenger the work is more detailed. Starting from the division point on either the "up" or "down" diagram, both of which have to be "worked out in string," a blue cord is run "down" as far as possible, without getting either across or too near a red line. As soon as this is liable to happen a tack is inserted at the nearest horizontal line that signifies a siding, and the string carried horizontally over sufficient spaces to allow time for the "red string" to pass.

Then the "blue" goes "down" a little further, only to be "hung up" again. In this way the goods trains are finally "worked out," due allowance being made for the time necessary to stop and "shunt" at regular "picking up" or

"DROPPING" PLACES.

Meanwhile the time of the arrival and departure of all the passenger trains which connect with other railway companies at the various junctions have been made out, and on June 1 they are sent to the various railways interested, with the request that the receiving company will arrange to have their trains connect as far as practicable.

A week later the lists come back with the necessary notes of acceptance of the altered times or return request for slight modifications. So far as possible these are agreed to and the final work of compilation commences.

This is carried on simultaneously at Euston and the ten district offices. At the former the passenger train time-table for the whole system is prepared for the printer, while each district office prepares the "working book" for its own division. This is purely a record of the diagram board, and shows the times of every train, goods, passenger, and mail, at every point it may stop or wait at.

"Working books" are only for the use of District and Locomotive superintendents, guards, engine-drivers, signalmen, and those responsible for the running of one or more trains.

By June 20th, all the sheets have been verified and sent to the printer, and four days later the time-table for the summer is on sale, while in less than a week all the "working books" have been distributed and

300 SHEET-BILL TIME-TABLES

posted up.

No sooner is this work done than the staff are forced to set to work again at another time-table—the autumn schedule—and so on all the year round. The enormity of the task cannot be demonstrated in words, but some further idea of it may be gathered by considering that on the L. and N.W. lines there are over 300 stations and nearly as many junction points to be reckoned on. At each of these an average of twenty trains a day, goods and passenger, stop, this alone requiring nearly 12,000 separate sets of figures. As there is often a double set showing both arriving and departure time, this total is visibly increased.

Another factor in the work is that the details already mentioned only apply to regular trains, the hundreds of "special" and "excursion runs" being handled separately. These are all arranged on the diagram boards in the manner already delineated. By this method the "running time" of an excursion is soon arrived at, together with, if necessary, points it would have to go on siding to allow the regular traffic to go by.

BOBBIE BUNTING: "I b'lieve that fellow must be engaged to sister at last."

Willie Simson: "Why."

"He has suddenly stopped giving me money."

"YOU'LL become used to the motion of the yacht soon, dearest," said the young husband, soothingly. "It's your home, you know, for the next month."

"Then what ails me, I suppose," replied the wan bride, trying to smile, "is homesickness."

DRIVER: "One of my horses is very queer this morning, sir."

Mr. Meek: "Indeed! Which one?"

Driver: "The off 'un."

Mr. Meek: "The orphan? Ah! perhaps the poor animal is thinking of its parents!"

"WHY," he exclaimed, "I thought you said the last time you had the dressmaker that you wouldn't want another dress for three months?"

"I know I did, dear," she replied; "but in going through a box of odds and ends to-day I found a piece of ribbon that will make a lovely sash, and I haven't anything to go with it."

The Price of Her Dress.

"WHAT do you think of it?" asked the wife of the newspaper man who is paid by the column.

The scribbler sighed and shook his head doubtfully. "I presume," he said, "that it is quite the correct thing as dresses go, but it looks to me as if it must have cost a lot."

"Well, of course, dresses like this one are not to be had for nothing," she admitted, "and this is quite the nicest one I ever had; but considering the workmanship and material, it was really very reasonable."

"How much?" he inquired, and she handed him the bill.

An hour later he was still deep in a mass of figures, and she began to get curious.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am trying to find out what entered into the construction of that remarkable dress," he answered.

"Well, you'll never find out that way," she asserted.

"Why don't you ask me? I could tell you. It took eight yards of the finest—"

He motioned her to stop.

"You couldn't do this problem in eighteen years," he said. "Now, just listen, and I will tell you what was needed to make that dress. It took, first, a third of a yard of leading editorial, a yard and a half of special articles, eight inches of verse, a full two yards of editorial paragraphs, six yards of humorous items, an eighth of a yard of financial statistics, eleven inches of headlines, and half a yard of literary review."

"This was trimmed with sixteen inches of dramatic notes, and a yard and a quarter of the Woman's Column. I tell you, Maria, that dress ought to be a good one."

"My dear," said the cannibal to his wife,

"You are sweet enough to eat."

"Yes," she replied, "but the doctor said

You mustn't eat anything sweet."

SHE: "People do not often marry their first loves, as no doubt you have noticed."

He: "No, I suppose they don't often. At least, not more than once."

"PAPA," asked Tommie, "is it cowardly to strike something littler than you, that can't defend itself?"

"It is, indeed," replied the father.

"Well, I don't know," reflected Tommie; "I don't see how we could light the gas without striking a match."

CUSTOMER: "Why doesn't that spinster Miss Brown deal at your shop any more?"

Grocer: "One of my clerks insulted her."

Customer: "How?"

Grocer: "She overheard him telling someone that she was our oldest customer."

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If you have a garden you should not fail to read all about some wonderful experiments in plant-growing that are described in the June PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. You will be fascinated in trying the experiments yourself.

War in Butter, and Generals in Soap.

"Tired of the war? Not a bit of it. Why, look here," and the grocer's assistant pointed with triumph to the window.

"How do you like Baden-Powell in soap? There you see him, slouch hat, dimple in his chin, and all complete in the best white Windsor. Everybody admires the gallant fellow, and one old gentleman wished to purchase it, thinking the statuette was of marble. Lord Roberts was exhibited the other week, and Kitchener the week before; and both were voted excellent portraits.

"Our greatest triumph was shown in the great window of our head store. I can't tell you exactly how many pounds of best dairy butter were used in designing a war scene copied from one of the illustrated papers, but three men were employed for upwards of four days in bringing the task to completion. There were mountains, trenches, valleys, cannon, officers and men on horseback, foot soldiers, and lurking Boers—the portraits of the famous leaders being especially life-like in feature and attitude.

"For a fortnight this butter picture was a subject of great interest to loyal and disloyal. When the season became due to clear the window the great mass of butter was converted into neat blocks of half-pound weight and distributed to the poor.

"It is said that a rival house in the next town entertained the public by exhibiting a life-size model of the Prince of Wales in eighteenpence a pound butter (good butter that!) his right foot resting on the shoulder of a prostrate and cringing Boer; the enemy being composed of lard to show his inferiority. Very common lard, too, the Boer's body was reported to be; his face, on account of the accuracy of modelling, being composed of rather firmer stuff. Over the Prince's shoulder a huge Union Jack (not a butter one) was suspended.

"Another provision dealer, anxious to inform the customers and public generally that England was a 'dead certainty' (excuse the turf slang—I don't bet, sir) carved a hideous face on the shell of a coconut, the shaggy fibres representing a Boer beard, which he placed side by side with the Union Jack between—with a very good statuette of Her Majesty in the whitest of cheese.

"A number of young fellows showed their appreciation of his sentiment by forming a circle round the window, singing to the accompaniment of violin and flute 'Rule Britannia' and 'God Save the Queen.'

"They spoilt the performance by being too boisterous, and were ordered off by the police."

True Generosity.

LITTLE BOY: "Mamma, may I give what's in my savings-bank to that beggar-man?"

MAMMA: "You dear, sweet little cherub! Do you want to give away all the money your uncle gave you? There was over three shillings."

"I spent some of it, mamma."

"Did you? How much is there left?"

"There's a threepenny-bit left, but the sweet-shop lady said it was bad."

Revenge Indeed!

"Oh, Eleanor, I am so glad to find you here! I went over to see Kit this morning," she continued, "and I ran up to her room, as we always do, you know."

"Yes," assented Eleanor.

"And she was crying. All round her on the floor were letters, and on the bed more letters. I said, 'Mercy, Kit, what's the matter?' Every little while she would make a vicious dig at a letter and appear to be writing. 'What are you doing?' I asked.

"Well," said Kit, "you know Clarence and I have had a quarrel—and I'm glad of it, and here she sobbed the gladdest kind of sob, 'and—he sent all my letters back—and the silver hit brush and cigarette case—the lovely pipe I gave him with his name engraved on it—and—oh, Daisy—I can't use any of them—how can I?—and so I'm getting his letters ready to return—I'm—I'm correcting them.' And then she laughed and made another dig with the pen.

"Correcting them?" I gasped.

"Yes, correcting them. You know, Clarence is a terrible speller, so I have gone over every letter in red ink, and made him see that it was intentional. Humph! I fancy he won't tell another man he broke it off."

"I couldn't help laughing; but wasn't it a fine revenge?"

"DADDY," asked little Jack, "where does a snake begin when he wants to wag his tail?"

HUSBAND (suddenly waking up at dead of night) "What in the world was that noise?"

Wife (calmly): "It's all right, dear. The guests of the State ball are just coming home, and I slipped down and gave our front door a slam, so that the neighbours would think we were there."

What She Feared.

AN excellent Scotchman had for thirty-seven years brought home his full wages every week. Once at the end of that period he gave his wife sixpence less than the full amount.

This so distressed the thrifty woman that she went to consult the minister on the subject. He tried to comfort her by saying that sixpence in thirty-seven years was not a large amount.

"It's no the money a'm thinking of," she replied, "but a'm fearing that Mac has been taking to drink and betting may be, and other worldly pleasures."

P-O-V-E-R-T-Y.

HOW TO MAKE POVERTY PAY FOR A BICYCLE.

WE are determined that the FRESH AIR FUND this year shall be a big success; and in order to stimulate interest in this movement, we have arranged with the A.B. Cycle Company to supply at intervals throughout the season bicycles for ladies and gentlemen who justify their claim to them as winners in competitions which will be held from time to time.

One bicycle has already been offered to the person collecting the biggest amount, and another will be offered to the reader who succeeds in making the best sentence, each word of which begins with the letters P-O-V-E-R-T-Y, separated.

Here is an example—a pretty poor one, but sufficient to give you an idea of what we mean:

Punishment Overtakes Vice; Example Restrains Turbulent Yokels.

You can probably go one better than this.

With every attempt sent in at least three penny stamps must be inclosed, and all the money received will be placed to the credit of the FRESH AIR FUND. We don't confine you to threepence. You can send in three shillings, or three pounds, or three hundred pounds if you like, but threepence is the smallest sum that should be sent.

All attempts must reach this office by June 18th. The Editor's decision is final, and all competitors must enter on this understanding. Mark your envelope "Poverty."

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MORE MEN,
and more ladies too, to make an
Interesting Experiment
full of IMMEDIATE AND
LASTING ADVANTAGES to
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25/-
SAVED FROM A BOER BULLET.
"Mr. H. Samuel,
"Dear Sir,—Please send me one of your Silver Lever
"watches. I had one from you about 30 months ago and it
"gave every satisfaction, standing the various temperatures
"out here splendidly, which is saying a good deal, for most
"other watches with the troops have gone wrong. In the Relief
"of Ladysmith a Boer bullet went clean into it (while it
"was in my belt) through the back case. It has been with me
"through the Battle of Colenso, Spion Kop, and the Relief
"of Ladysmith—I am, Dear Sir, Yours truly,
"(Signed) "W. HOWE,
"and Royal Fusiliers, Field Force, Natal."

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The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY

Speaks of Dr. Horn's work on the Hair thus:

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Price of Book, 1/- post free, above address.

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1900. APRIL.					MAY.					JUNE.					JULY.					AUGUST.					SEPTEMBER.					OCTOBER.					NOVEMBER.				
M	1	8	15	22 29	M	6	13	20	27	M	4	10	17	24	M	1	8	15	22 29	M	1	8	15	22 29	M	1	8	15	22 29	M	1	8	15	22 29	M	1	8	15	22 29
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BETTER GET THE GOOD THINGS.

You can buy a pair of boots for ten shillings, or you may pay twenty or more. It depends on your ideas of what you want and the length of your purse.

But cheap things are cheap things just the same. If you get ten shillingsworth of wear out of the ten shilling boots that's all you will get.

Similarly you can buy a watch—made in Germany, Switzerland, or America—for four or five shillings, and it will hammer away in your waistcoat pocket like a woodpecker against the bark of a tree. But it won't tell the truth about the time. Nine o'clock in the morning or two in the afternoon—it's no odds to that sort of machine.

Now I've got a watch on me this blessed minute that I've carried for fifteen years, and it doesn't vary at all to speak of. But there! it cost twenty pounds; with no complicated attachments to it either—merely a plain tinker, but honestly built from main-spring to dial plate.

What I'm wanting to come at is this:—The thing which does the greatest service, the best work, is worth the most money and wins the highest reputation. That we agree to: nobody disputes it.

Well, here is Mrs. Eliza Jennings, who lives at 30 Kendall Road, Newtown, Colchester, saying it is now nearly twenty years ago since she was cured of chronic dyspepsia by Mother Seigel's Syrup, and that she has not been seriously ill in all that time.

She had suffered horribly from a bad stomach for many years, having all the symptoms and ailments that go with the disease. She had no relish for her meals, and after eating was immediately seized with what she calls "cruel" pains at the chest and left side.

Spells of palpitation of the heart, which seemed as if they would choke her, or end her life right out of hand, often followed her taking food more than commonly hard to digest.

A feeling of weakness and debility was habitual with her, as it is with all dyspeptics. When people cannot make the use of their vitals that Nature intends, why, they

must sink down and grow feeble; what other result can there be? In this way Mrs. Jennings gradually lost strength until she was hardly able to stand on her feet.

And as for the gnawing pains in the stomach, so often mentioned by dyspeptics, this most frightful feature of her complaint was so bad at times as to nearly drive her to despair. This was her experience one year after another, and nothing she took in hope of relief proved of any use.

The poor lady was a weary, weak and miserable victim of deep-seated indigestion; and there are no end of people to-day in like condition in this populous country.

Finally, her daughter, who had learned how honest and real a remedy Mother Seigel's Syrup is, urged Mrs. Jennings to try one bottle of it, and then they "could tell better"—so the intelligent young lady said.

The Syrup justified its good name; it did all they hoped for, and much more than they expected. In a short time Mrs. Jennings was better than the family ever thought she would be in this woe-filled world. Her food went to the right spot, and she picked up fast.

The bad feelings abated, and presently went away to return no more; and she took hold of her housework with a light heart and a vigour as new as it was delightful.

"Since then," says Mrs. Jennings, in a letter dated May 30th, 1899, "I have kept Mother Seigel's Syrup in the house for any of the troubles which might come to any of us, and it always puts the ailing ones to rights as no other medicine ever did, or, in my opinion, can do."

The people of Great Britain scarcely need to be reminded of the merits of this remedy. It has been a household friend among them for thirty years, and they know for themselves what it will do. It is not a narcotic to dull the sense of pain, but a harmless medicine that cures disease—yes, and by the use of less quantities of it—and, of course, at less cost than any other thus far discovered. It is made of roots and herbs which Nature has created to help and save the sick and the weak.

Cases like this one are easy victories for Mother Seigel's Syrup, and I only name it here because there are so many of the same kind. Maybe you know of one.

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S

SYRUP

BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION
BY

Purifying the Blood.

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With Clear Rosy Faces

HAVE USED IT

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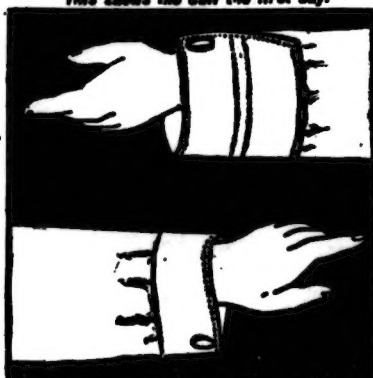
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UNLAUNDERED WHITE SHIRTS

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OLD GOLD CIGARETTES.

ALWAYS LET YOUR MAXIM BE,
NOTHING BUT "OLD GOLD" FOR ME.

THE USUAL MIXTURE.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page.

I ALWAYS admire a cheerful disposition. I always, too, admire a man with plenty of enterprise. G. B., of Peckham, seems to combine both in an aggravated form. He has gone to the trouble and expense of writing and posting me a letter, which reads as follows: "I saw in this week's *Pearson's* about people having holidays. I am sadly in need of a holiday myself; in fact, I could do with a week at the seaside comfortably. Pleasure has to be bought, so if you have a spare cheque you don't want, kindly forward it on to the above address, and I can give you a full account of how I spend it. A five-pound note would be acceptable. The reason I ask you this is that I have taken *Pearson's* in for thirteen years."—A truly remarkable feat—considering *P.W.* has been published only ten years. This is the sort of man who won't trouble to go in for the competition in which he stands a chance of getting a free trip to Paris. He prefers to try and cadge the money to do it.

A SHORT article recently appeared in *P.W.* showing the effect on plants of different coloured light. Several correspondents have written to ask where further information on this subject may be obtained. To these I would point out that a very exhaustive article of the kind appears in the current number of *PEARSON'S MAGAZINE*, embellished with photographs of the plants in their various stages of growth.

C. W. J. sends me a conundrum and an answer: "Why should not ivy be the emblem of the C.I.V.?" The answer is: "Because, when you look at it, you see ivy."—It wants a little stretch of the imagination to dig this out. It will be a still more difficult job to dig it out when the C.I.V.'s come back covered in laurels.

If 1½ hens lay 1½ eggs in 1½ days, how many eggs will six hens lay in seven days? This problem, in one form or another, has come before me, I should calculate, at least 10,000 times since the first appearance of *P.W.* W. F. is the 10,001st inquirer, and he tells me that in his circle of friends a pitched battle is at the present moment raging round the problem. He, and a portion of his friends give the answer twenty-eight, and the remainder say forty-two. I, for my sins, am asked to settle the dispute! Fortunately, this is one of those little problems in which our tame mathematical editor absolutely revels, and as the supply of mathematical nuts to crack has been running rather short lately, he snapped it up ravenously. He seemed, however, rather disgusted that no better fare was forthcoming. "Such a simple problem," to quote his words, "is poor comfort to a starving man." However, he swallowed his disappointment, and later on presented me with the following:

If 1½ hens lay 1½ eggs in 1½ days,
Then obviously 1 hen would lay 1 egg in the same time,
And therefore 6 hens would lay 6 eggs in 1½ days;

So that in 7 days 6 hens would lay $6 \times \frac{7}{1\frac{1}{2}} = 28$ eggs.

So you are right, Mr. W. F. Perhaps the readers of *P.W.* will take pity on our poor mathematical editor, and send along some real teasers for him.

T. C. F. T asks if there is such a thing as a reduced facsimile. His argument is that, if a facsimile is altered in any way, it is no longer a facsimile; he fails to see how there can be such a thing as a reduced facsimile. I have consulted authorities on the question, and it seems that it is quite possible to have a reduced facsimile. By the way, what else would you call it?

JULIE is of opinion that women should be allowed to act as jurors. She thinks that many cases would be decided in a more rational, or, at any rate, a more satisfactory, manner if the jury were composed of women, or of six men and six women.

Although no true citizen desires to shirk his duty, it would often be a convenience to business men if they could send their wives to act as jurors instead of being compelled to absent themselves from their offices for a week. In some cases where the defendant—or the complainant—is a woman, members of her sex might be better able to come to a proper understanding of motives than a dozen mere men. In breach of promise cases it might be an advantage to have a mixed jury. On the other hand, there is the probability that a disagreement of the jury would be of more frequent occurrence, and in the discussion which occasionally ensues after the retirement of the twelve good men and true, the men might be won over to the views of their sister jurors by feminine blandishments.

"WHAT is 'rackarook,' which I have seen mentioned in a dispatch from South Africa?" asks H. J.

—This is a crude, but very explosive material, and is made up of dynamite, gunpowder, gravel, and earth. It is used in rough country work for blasting; it resembles dynamite, but with this difference—that dynamite usually expands its strength downward, while rackarook explodes upwards.

L. P. M. is a young man with red hair who is obviously tremendously proud of this fact. I don't blame him. It isn't everyone who has red hair. [It isn't everyone who wants to, either.—Sub. Ed.] But this young man is going to a fancy dress ball, and in order to be as original as possible he wants to utilise in some manner the beautiful adornment of nature, and asks me if I can suggest anything. There are lots of characters you might represent; there is Sandy MacGregor for example, or William Rufus. But if you want to do something astonishing and original, you might poke your head through a hole in a sheet and go as a poached egg.

THE pencil case offered to the reader who first pointed out the discrepancy which recently appeared between the text of "The Invaders" and one of the illustrations, has been sent to Mr. W. F. Dray, 289 High Street, Lewisham.

THE *Pearson's Rifle Club* movement is steadily forging ahead. Already several clubs have been formed in London and in the provinces. The fresh difficulty which now faces us is the apathy which exists among men who might be useful as organisers of these clubs. There are hundreds of men willing to join clubs as soon as they are formed. Those who will undertake the actual formation are difficult to find. In order to keep readers in touch with daily events, I propose to notify any fresh movements in the *DAILY EXPRESS*. That is to say, if members are wanted for a Rifle Club in course of formation in Portsmouth, or Manchester, or Glasgow, an advertisement will be put in the *Express* asking that men anxious to join should communicate with the Secretary. *P.W.* goes to press so far in advance of the day on which it is published that it is practically impossible to keep up to date with events that move so rapidly.

I HAVE received a few letters questioning the advantages of using the Morris tube range. It is argued that in the event of invasion, the Morris tube is not a bit of use for defensive purposes! This I readily admit; but I cannot do better than quote from a letter I have received from the secretary of the Manchester Rifle Club to justify my belief that practice at miniature ranges leads to greater things. He says:

I may say the miniature range of the club has been the means of bringing out some very good shots. Several have joined the Manchester Rifle Club, and won gold, silver, and bronze jewels, and one of our youngsters won the recruits' gold medal and ten pounds at Bisleigh last year, and is now at the front as a sharpshooter. Another of our youngsters won the silver medal at Bisleigh last year. Another came in fourth, just missing third place by one point. All these three learnt their shooting at the miniature range during the past two years. To get three men in the first four must be a record. I think this speaks wonders for miniature rifle-shooting.

Now, there is no reason why you yourself, who have never yet handled a rifle in your life, should not turn out to be a prize-winner at Bisleigh. You don't know, really, what a lot of latent talent in the shooting line exists in your anatomy. *Pearson's Rifle Clubs* are not lugubrious affairs at which a man must feel that he is present solely as a duty to his country and his home, but are more or less social clubs at which a lot of fun may be had out of the recreation. By the way, I should be pleased to hear from any sergeants in the Volunteers who would be willing to help in organising these clubs. Their experienced help would be invaluable.

"I AM a feminine operator on the typewriter," writes G. C. "I believe you call us typists. There are many thousands of us now in various parts of the globe, and this fact has aroused my curiosity; I should like to know who first had the idea of employing girls for such work."

An American named Lucien Stephen Craudall claims the distinction of having employed the first typist. About the year 1874 he invented a writing machine, and employed a young woman to work it; he facetiously declares that every girl who now earns her living in that way ought to subscribe a penny towards a huge monument in his honour. He thinks that if this were done he would have a statue as big as that of "Liberty," of which our transatlantic cousins are so proud.

H. B. W. asks me if I can tell him the best way to take a bath. It depends upon how far you wish to take it and the size of the bath, but the railway company or some local parcel delivery company will collect it and save you all trouble in the matter if you drop them a post card.

A. P. would like me to tell him the meaning of the words "ancient lights" which he has seen on old buildings. The words mean that when windows have been constructed twenty years, and the light has been suffered to pass to them without interruption during that period, the law implies from the non-obstruction of the light for that length of time that the holder of the adjoining land has assented, and hence he has no legal right to build or erect a screen or any other object, so as to stop up or obstruct such windows, or to diminish their light. If an ancient window is enlarged, the enlarged portion constitutes a new window, and may be obstructed, but if the window is reduced to its original size the obstruction becomes unlawful, and must be removed.

NEXT week you will have something given away with every copy of *P.W.* Don't get excited though. It isn't a Union Jack or a bicycle. It's a *FRESH AIR FUND* inset. I suppose you will pretend that you don't know what an inset is. However, when you see it, you will not be able to mistake it, nor will there be any difficulty about finding out its use.

EVERY year a very energetic helper of the *FRESH AIR FUND* is responsible for the production of the programme issued in connection with a local picnic. This year the outing took place at Haddington, near Edinburgh, and the programme, in addition to its various words of advice to its members, states: "Every member is requested to make a fool of themselves for the benefit of the company. The committee will lead the way. (That's easy enough.)" and that "Spoon couples are to beware, as the photographer accompanies the party." The most useful piece of advice, however, is that which runs: "Remember *PEARSON'S FRESH AIR FUND*." Are there any other organisers of picnics and outings who would undertake to mention this sort of thing on the occasion of their jaunt? The result would be, I am sure, very satisfactory, as people who really deserve a holiday, and get one like this, are usually willing to give a little towards helping others to take an equally happy holiday.

HARNESS writes: "Why don't you get 'Bobs' to help you raise the wind for the *FRESH AIR FUND*?"—What a splendid idea! But surely you do not think it is original. If it had not been for bobs, the *FRESH AIR FUND* would be in a poor state. I suppose the next thing suggested will be Kitchener editing the "Home Notes" page, or Hunter doing the columns of "Sporting Facts."

PLYMOUTH has now been added to the lists of towns benefiting by the *FRESH AIR FUND*. Mr. F. H. Bolton, of 6 Reservoir Road, Compton, is kindly organising the treats for 1,000 children in that town. The number of towns in which the little slum-birds are dealt with is now twenty-five.

W. M., having sent 2s. 3d. for the *FRESH AIR FUND*, writes: "I ought, perhaps, to mention that this amount was the result of two collections in the train going to and coming from the City. I believe that if some of your readers would try this course now and again, a good amount might be collected."—Ah! if they only would. But unfortunately there are not many train travellers so enthusiastic about the *FRESH AIR FUND* as W. M. Won't you have a try, though? Even if you do not meet with any great success there is no harm done.

A READER living in Glasgow has sent me 5s. 3d. for the *FRESH AIR FUND*, which has been obtained by inflicting a fine on members of the household who have spilt tea and coffee on the tablecloth. This is an excellent idea, and one that might be adopted by the head of every house where tablecloths are used. If we don't receive a subscription from you collected in this way, we shall, of course, take it for granted that you do not use tablecloths.

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400 White Linen Table Cloths, 70in. square, 6/- each	...	120 0 0
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500 Brushes and Combs in Handsome Cases, 4 6/- each	...	112 10 0
2000 Cash Prizes, 4/- each	...	400 0 0
2000 Ladies' Leather Handbags, 4/- each	...	400 0 0
1000 Handsome Pictures, "Charge of the Light Brigade," 4/- each	...	200 0 0
2000 Handsome Work-boxes, 3/- each	...	300 0 0
2000 1/2 doz. Fine Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, 2 6/- each	...	250 0 0
15,409		26,641 10 0

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

Every Tablet of WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER is enclosed in a Wrapper with signature up the centre of which the whole name of the Soap is printed. The wrapper will be classified as follows:—**(Type A.)** JOSEPH WATSON & SONS Ltd., WHITEHALL SOAP WORKS, LONDON, not later than September 30th, 1907. Each package will be counted as one lot; separate entries must be sent under separate covers. If any parcel arrives, postage on carriage not being fully paid, such parcel will be refused. Be careful to see that the full postage is paid. Each parcel sent in must contain the full name and address of sender, and number of Wrappers sent in must be marked on the same paper. On outside of parcels written legibly "Tablets of Watson's Matchless Cleanser." No higher prize than highest named in the following.

(Type B.) Wrappers.—Not giving result of Competition will be enclosed with each prize when it is sent out. Every Wrapper must have first contained soap. No employee of JOSEPH WATSON & SONS Ltd. will be eligible. All Prizes will be despatched about October 25th.

Is pleasant to use, its washing qualities are well known. Dirt flies before it, and the washing is done quickly and easily. It has the Largest Sale of 1-lb. tablets in the World. Sold by all Grocers, Oilmen, &c., throughout the United Kingdom.

1. That the New Designs in 10/6 Costumes are exceptionally good value in Out, Material and Finish, and far better in make than shop-bought Costumes.
2. That all orders shall be promptly executed or money returned.
3. That Mourning Orders shall be sent off at one day's notice.

Together with the New Summer Fashion Catalogue of the two very durable fabrics in which these Costumes are made—The John Noble Chevrolet Serge and The John Noble Costume G string.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH
of either Cloth (3yd. 52in.
wide) for 7/6. Carr. 3d. **7/6**
Colours: Black, Navy, Brown,
Myrtle, Fawn, Khaki, Grey, and
Rabbit Blue.

Sizes in Stock of Ladies' Costumes are 34, 36, 38 in. round bust under arms; Waists, 34, 36, 38 in. Shirts being 38, 40, 42 in. long in front. Any other size can be specially made to measure, 1/2 extra.

SUMMER DRESS FABRICS.

A large box of Patterns lent to select from, and sent carriage

paid to any reader of *Farmer's Weekly*, together with the New Summer Fashion Catalogue, illustrating over 100 Garments for Ladies' and Children's immediate wear.

LACE CURTAINS.

SPECIAL VALUES.
A Sheet of Photos illustrating
the Latest Designs sent post free.
Mourning Orders sent off a
day's notice.

Please name "Pearson" Weekly" when writing.

RICHESTER

JOHN NOBLE LTD., BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER.

Any Chemist or Stores can get it for you; 1/- per packet of 18 doses. Send stamped envelope for Free Sample. **KAPUTINE Ltd., Huddersfield.**

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PRESERVES THEM.**

KILLS BLACKBEETLES & FLEAS
Tins 3d., 6d. & 1/-

**Hairdressers fitted
up Estimates free**

"COOPER" CYCLES

**Latest Frame, Large
Weldless Steel Tube.**

**Improved 1900 Pattern,
Ball bearings, Tangent**

Wheels, Brake and Mud Guards. Gent's from £5 10s; Ladies' from

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Special Terms to Reliable Agents,
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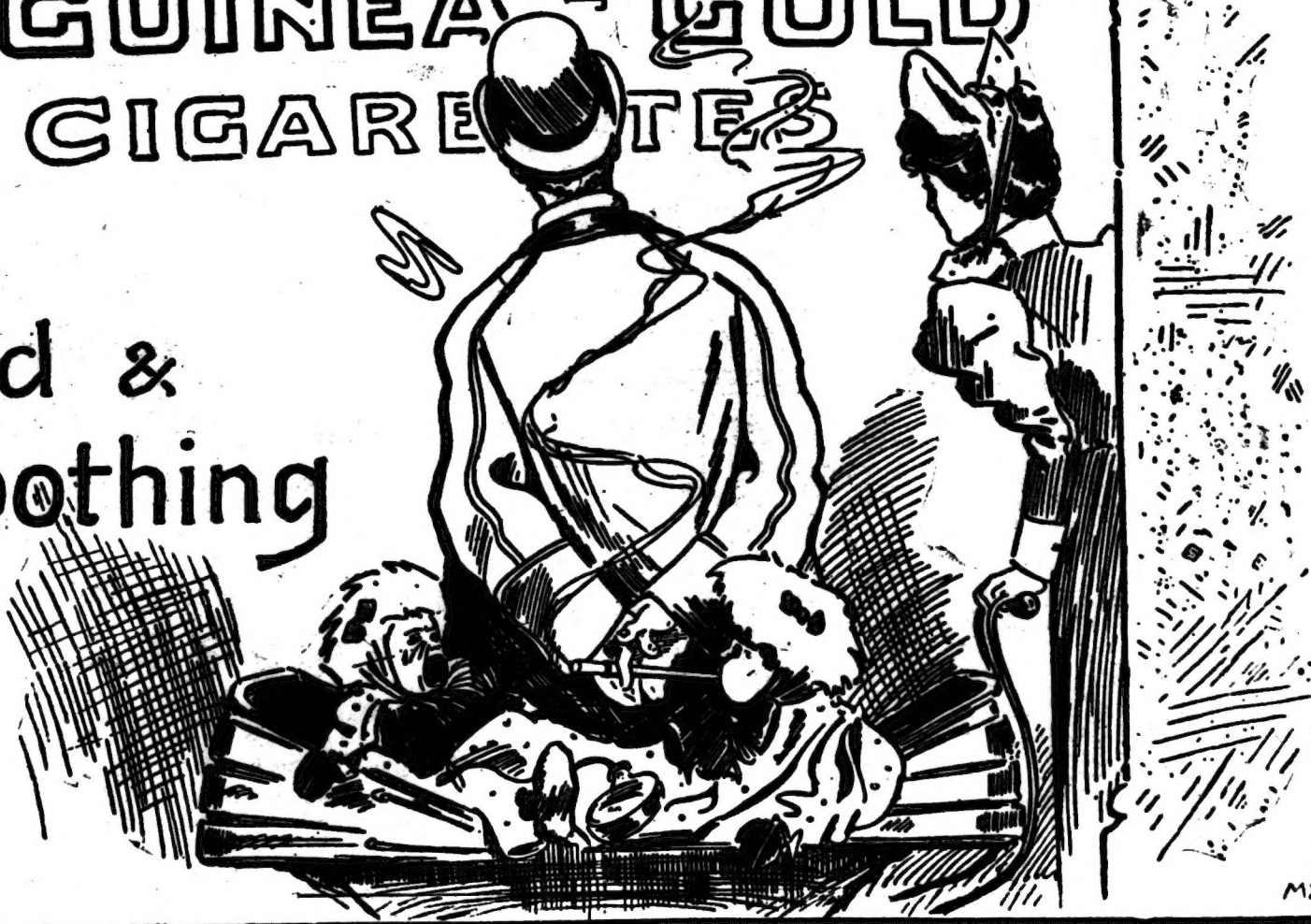
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'GUINEA' - 'GOLD' CIGARETTES

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PEARS' is the most economical of all soaps. It wears to the thinness of a wafer. Moisten and stick that soap-wafer on top of a fresh cake, then not a particle is lost. There is no waste in PEARs'. It is a clean soap, and it is a necessity for the clean. It is a comfort and a luxury. PEARs' is the soap that lasts longest, and it is "a balm for the skin."

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Please send for Sample Tin, sufficient to make a pint, post free, 6d.

For Breakfast of 2 - PATÉ, CAMP PIE, POTTED MEATS, SALMON AND SHIMP PASTE.

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The birds began to sing—
"The Praises of Bird's Custard Powder.
Will make the whole world ring."



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